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Saturday Review

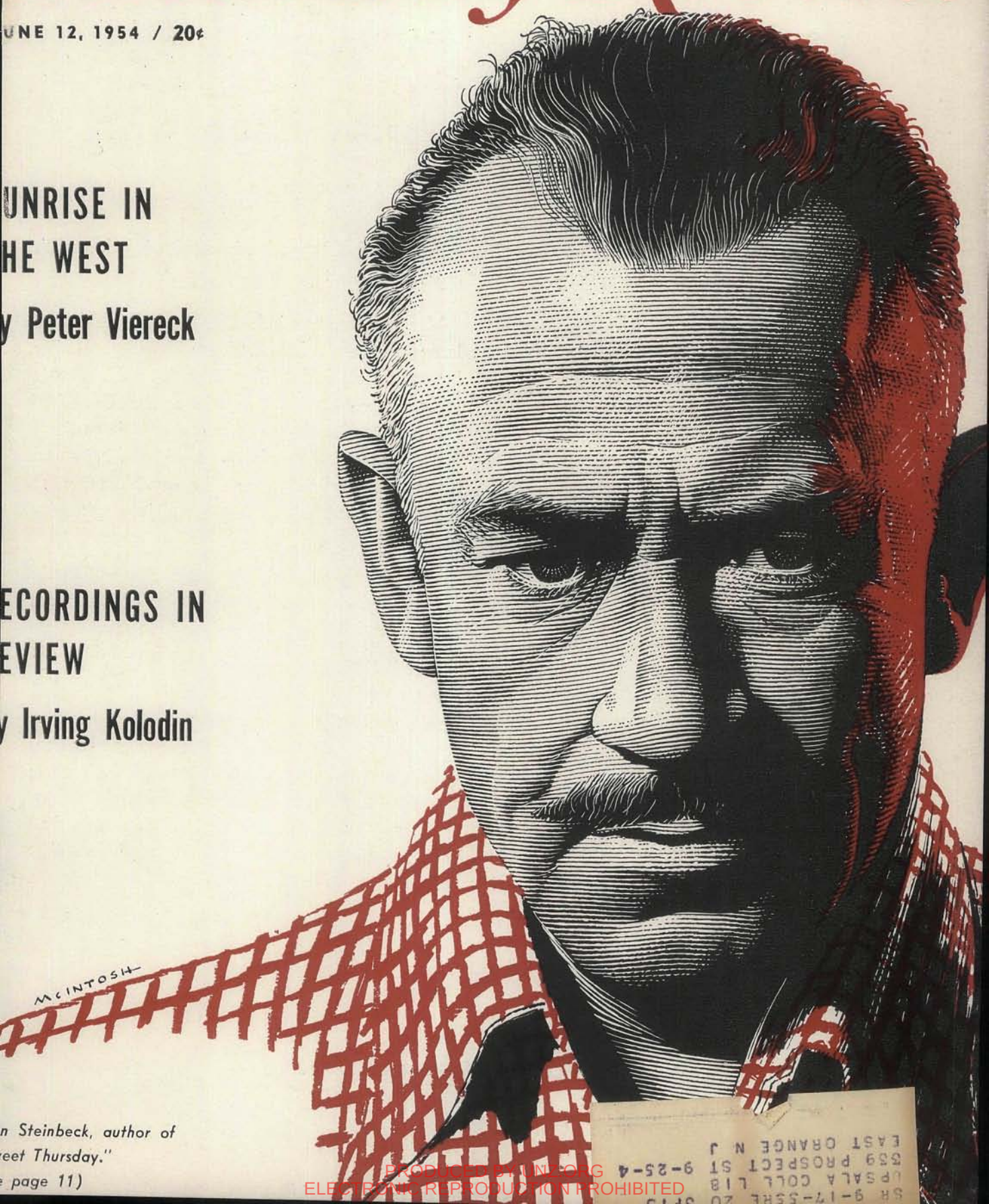
UNE 12, 1954 / 20¢

UNRISE IN HE WEST

y Peter Viereck

ECORDINGS IN EVIEW

y Irving Kolodin



n Steinbeck, author of
eet Thursday."
page 11)

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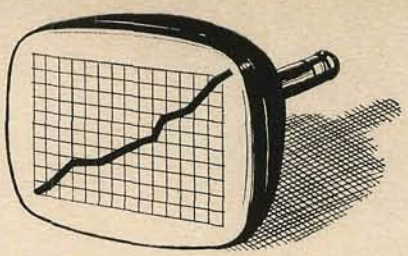
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



Few people realize how rapidly America's economy is growing

Anyone who spreads fears that we may be facing another major depression ignores completely how much America has changed since the 1930's.

Industrial research and development have broadened the base of our entire economy and, even more important, have laid the groundwork for a steadily increasing expansion in the years to come.

Here are just two examples of what has happened.

The first electric refrigerator with a sealed-in mechanism was introduced by General Electric in 1926, and its production in that year required only a few hundred people. Today, refrigerators and freezers make up a billion-dollar business which employs more than 100,000 men and women in manufacturing, plus additional thousands in retailing and distribution. The freezer itself has made possible another whole new industry, frozen foods.

In 1939, most of us knew electronics only as tubes in our radio, and the entire industry sold 230 million dollars' worth of equipment. Electronics is now a 4½-billion-dollar business, and some experts predict it will grow to 20 billions in the 1960's. General Electric, just one producer, now has electronic-equipment factories in 13 different parts of the country and has stepped up its payroll in this field to 27,000 in just 15 years.

This trend of expansion is not slowing down. It's rapidly accelerating.

Many exciting new industries are predictable as we learn how to make full use of atomic energy. Another important new field will be electronic machinery that will make work easier, production swifter. Our scientists are experimenting with metal crystals 50 times stronger than any metals we now know. New and better home appliances are on the way. More uses for the gas turbine are coming out of jet-engine experiments.

These are only a few of the things General Electric is interested in, and other companies, of course, are hard at work on equally promising projects.

Our belief in a long-term period of industrial growth is not wishful speculation. It's being backed by the greatest building program America has ever seen. Last year, the nation's industries spent 28 billion, 400 million dollars for new plant and equipment; this year, they will spend only slightly less. Our own investment since 1946 has already reached more than a billion dollars. In 1954, a record 175 million dollars will be put to work by G.E., 24% more than last year.

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Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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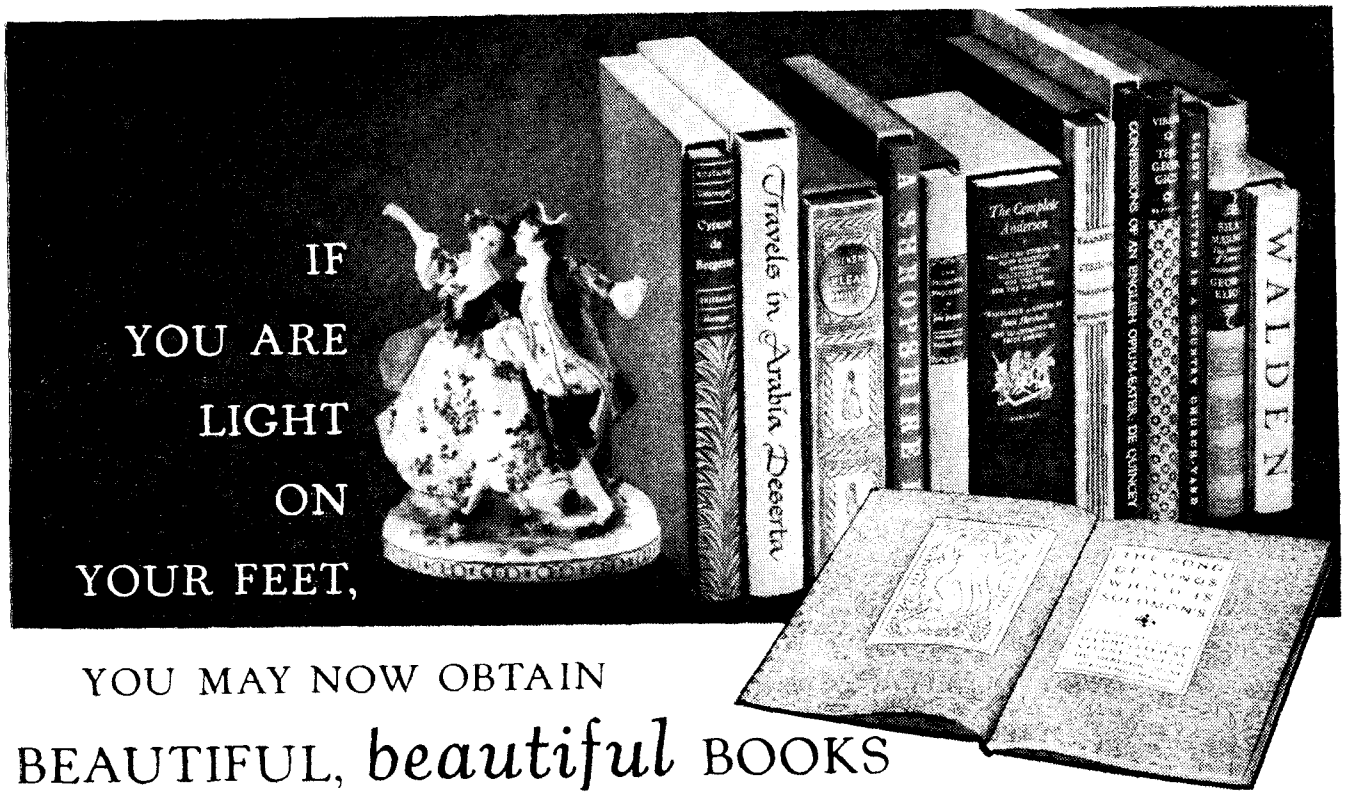

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HURRY! *Hurry!* HUR-R-R-RY! That's what we mean, in the language of the sideshow barker, when we say *if you are light on your feet* and when we say *provided you are quick enough.*

For you may know that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not always open for new members. When some vacancies occur, and the membership rolls are publicly opened for new members through announcements such as this one—why, you are offered an unusual opportunity which you should be quick to seize.

Shall we tell you why?

WELL, The Heritage Club distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *deluxe* nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are the classics of the world's literatures: especially designed by the world's most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers which have been *chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries*, handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library fiction!* Yes, each member pays only $3.65 for each book—or *only* $3.28 if he pays in advance!

What is the natural result?

THERE ARE now thirty thousand members. And, although the Club is starting upon its Nineteenth Annual Series, of the original Charter Members more than half still remain in the membership! In short, the members themselves are highly satisfied!

Now the Prospectus is being prepared, for the Nineteenth Series; and in it are described the books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. We anticipate fewer than one thousand vacancies. *If you are quick enough*, and if you obtain one of these for yourself, you will obtain books like these:

An American Tragedy by Theodore Dreiser, illustrated by the great American painter Reginald Marsh; and *The Lives of the Noble Romans and Noble Grecians*, in a wonderful text edited from the manuscript in the Huntington Library, beautifully designed and decorated by W. A. Dwiggins; and *Notre-Dame de Paris*, the massive novel by Victor Hugo illustrated with paintings made in the Cathedral itself by Bernard Lamotte; and *The Story of Reynard the Fox* by Goethe, illustrated with wood-engravings by Fritz Eichenberg; and *The Revolt of the Angels* by Anatole France . . .

These are only a few of the titles.

Yet you don't have to take any of the listed titles if you don't want them! You are given a list of more than four dozen Heritage books-in-print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet at a price which is a bargain.

OF COURSE, there have been book bargains before; and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered.

You are invited to put this statement to the test! You are invited to send for this new Prospectus, which describes the cooperative membership plan in detail—and includes many expressions of opinion from the members themselves, the people who pay their good money for these books and do not *have* to indulge in high-flown language.

If you will fill out the coupon printed below, and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the Prospectus. Also, one of the limited number of vacancies *will be reserved for you* until you have had time to study the Prospectus. You would be wise to mail the coupon *now!*

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—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review*

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JOHN DAY

The Saturday Review

JUNE 12, 1954

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SR's Library Poll

"A STILLNESS at Appomattox," #16 on the poll, for which Bruce Catton won the recent Pulitzer Prize for history, weaves authentic letters and battlefield reports into a warm, vivid chronicle-narrative, at once the soldiers'- and generals'-eye view of the Civil War. This volume, last in Catton's series, details the merciless Virginia campaign planned by Grant to squash Lee's lighter armies, and with them the exhausted Confederacy.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)**
3. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
4. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
   by Gene Fowler (G)
7. **Away All Boats**
   by Kenneth Dodson (F)
8. **I Led Three Lives**
   by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
9. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
10. **Seven Years in Tibet**
    by Heinrich Harrer (G)
11. **The Song of Ruth**
    by Frank G. Slaughter (F)
12. **The Dollmaker**
    by Harriette Arnow (F)
13. **Tomorrow!**
    by Philip Wylie (F)
14. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
15. **The Second Tree From the Corner**
    by E. B. White (G)
16. **A Stillness at Appomattox**
    by Bruce Catton (G)
17. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
18. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
19. **Life Is Worth Living**
    by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
20. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

▶ Parking being what it is, we have formed the habit on a Saturday evening of starting off early for the symphony so that we can leave our car in our favorite alley. Being early, we head for the art gallery next to the Opera House to pass the time and to improve our minds.

▶ What is there about some artists that makes one immediately aware of them? Why is it that one passes some painters by at first, only to be struck with admiration by them at some later date? We remember our first sight of the Turners and Blakes in the Tate Gallery in London. We were mistakenly unimpressed at that time, but we were rightly fascinated by the sculpture of Epstein and Milles.

▶ We have just published a book that would have been a great help to us at that time—and which will be a help to others like us who want to know what to look for in the various arts. Rudolf Arnheim in **Art and Visual Perception** ($10.00) deals with the "psychology of the creative eye." He describes the visual processes that take place when people create, or look at, works in the various arts, and shows how the eye organizes visual material according to definite psychological laws. Interpretations of many examples from painting, sculpture, and architecture suggest ways of "seeing" works of art more competently. He treats vision as the grasping of significant structural patterns. By abandoning the assumption that realistic copying is the purpose of art, he brings psychological theory into line with the principles of modern and other nonrealistic styles.

▶ This book is not only for the artist, designer, and art historian, but for the educated layman who wants to know what to look for in the various arts. Armed with this book, we hope that we can now look at paintings with more appreciation and understanding before giving ourselves over to the pleasures of Brahms, Beethoven, and Bach.

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TRADE Winds

STORIES ABOUT HOLLYWOOD highjinks haven't been featured in magazines as often lately as they were in the pre-television era—and the few novels we've had on the subject have been distinctly below par—but the jinx was broken by two fine pieces well worth digging up if you've missed them. One was a devastating summary of the Howard Hughes setup in the February issue of *Fortune*, the other a gay and irreverent round-up by Cynthia Hobart Lindsay in the May *Holiday*. Cynthia, no mean eyeful herself, has open sesame to all the best—and worst—haunts in moviedom and knows whereof she writes.

I particularly liked her story about Marcel and Theodore, who invariably take charge of parties of ten or more in those parts. They bring whatever extra maids, butlers, or bartenders may be necessary and are a boon to authors and actors who couldn't possibly entertain a visiting fireman in proper style with their permanent staffs (if any). The only trouble is that the visiting fireman has probably encountered Marcel and Theodore at several previous parties in his honor and usually winds up on more intimate terms with them than with any of his hosts.

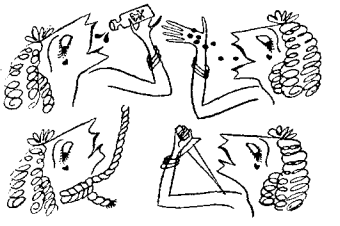
Theodore, furthermore, conducts a thriving valet service during the daytime. At a recent shindig, Luther Davis, co-author of the current Broadway musical hit "Kismet," was surprised to have Theodore lean over his shoulder while serving the hors d'oeuvres and whisper, "Say, Mr. Davis, will you be wanting your gray pants Friday?"

Cynthia reports another comparatively sedate party where only one guest fell into the swimming pool and where an actor of note suddenly decided he was going to poke Ben Gage, husky husband of Esther Williams, in the nose. Gage persuaded him to desist by reminding him, "I wouldn't if I were you, old boy, because not only can I lick the tar out of you—but so can Esther!"

NORMAN REILLY RAINE CONTRIBUTES an additional Hollywood story about a famous magnate who decided he wanted to produce an epic on Custer's Last Stand, but then promptly turned thumbs down on seven scripts. The final veto broke Raine's spirit completely. "I'm ready to give up," he admitted. "I really slaved over this last script. It's the best I can do. Just what is there about it that displeases you?" "I'll tell you," confided the magnate. "I hate Indians."

Further hub-bub in the Beverly Hills sector was occasioned when headlines featured a well-known literary figure's suicide gesture. The fact that it was obviously designed to be unsuccessful brought to mind a famous lady friend of the late Robert Benchley. She made so many abortive attempts to do away with herself that Benchley finally told her, "You'll have to cut this sort of thing out, my dear. It's ruining your health!"

WESTCHESTERFIELDIAN COMMUTERS are welcoming a new neighbor: the Columbia University Press, whose cavernous new stockroom has just



been opened in Irvington-on-Hudson. Holed up in nearby Mt. Kisco, I expect any quiet evening now to hear Columbia's presses roar lines, roar.

Another conspicuous enterprise in this neighborhood, incidentally, is a great big Chevrolet assembly plant. The result is that anywhere from three to ten thousand spanking new Chevrolets, most of them earmarked for the export market, usually are lined up in neat rows in a field bordering the Sawmill River Parkway. There's something about a vast quantity of new cars in one place that way that makes you wonder if, indeed, there hasn't been decided overproduction in the automobile industry.

Not that the sales figures of General Motors or Ford, Lord knows, show any sign of a lag. These two giants are hogging so much of the market, in fact, that the government has seen fit to step in. Apparently, you're supposed to pay as big a tax as possible to Washington, but if it gets *too* big—Papa spank!

Somebody I think is in a position to know assured me, furthermore, that last year General Motors earned, before taxes, *twenty-one* cents profit on every dollar's worth of business they did. Ford, he continued, in second place, earned *six* cents on the dollar, Chrysler, in third, about *five*, and all the other independents less than *four*. Obviously, he concluded, General

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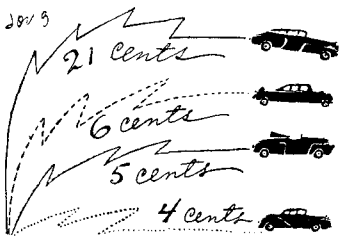
Motors could cut all of its prices as much as 10 per cent tomorrow and still earn more per dollar than any competitor. This also would disrupt the industry so completely that Washington would *have* to wield the big stick—so GM just doesn't dare.

"How can General Motors possibly make three and a half times more per dollar than its closest competitor?" I demanded.

"Diversified products," was the answer, "and the most efficient organiza-



tion in the history of big business. If any company in the country making motors, or allied products, wants a big executive in a hurry, they know there's one place to find him. They just go on a raiding expedition to General Motors. Those GM boys have got the training! They never let you down."

As I have said, the man who quoted these statistics to me should know exactly whereof he speaks. Or is he, for once, talking through his hat? Maybe Paul Hoffman, chairman of Studebaker, or E. C. Quinn, newly established president of the Chrysler Division of Chrysler Corporation—both outstanding and brilliant men—can and will submit a refutation. This column is at their disposal.

THE SALE OF AMERICAN BOOKS has flourished prodigiously in Canada within the past decade, so besides being flattered when I was asked to speak at the banquet of the Canadian Booksellers' Convention in Toronto this year, I was happy for the opportunity to meet the people who have been instrumental in making the increases possible. Their task is complicated by the fact that they must keep close tabs on both American and British publications; their shops display a fasci-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1054)
M. MANSFIELD:
PRAYER FOR NINEVEH

Of all the ages of the world
Not one is stranger
Than ours, in which Man threatens
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All beauty is in danger.
May God have mercy, now, on all
His innocents! . . .
Pause to remember in your prayer,
All innocence in danger.

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Foreword by JULIAN HUXLEY

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—*The New Yorker*

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UNDER THE NET

By Iris Murdoch

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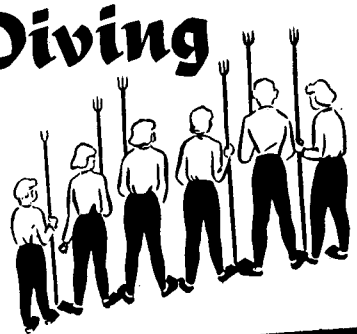
Together, they search for abalones and octopuses off the California coast, go spear-fishing in the Caribbean, and find ivory tusks and ancient gold coins far below the surface of the Spanish Main. This engaging account of their true adventures is "a delightful, informative, unusual voyage of discovery in a fascinating new marine world." *—AL CHASE, *Chicago Tribune*. *Illustrated with superb photographs* $3.95

Treasure-Diving Holidays

By JANE and BARNEY CRILE



nating mixture of books and magazines, side by side, from both sources.

Roughly 10 per cent of the Dominion's total population is crowded into the bustling Greater Toronto area, and over 18 per cent of the book business is done there. The percentage suffered a temporary drop when George Hecht, who runs the Doubleday retail shops, told the assemblage how to use the word "apochryphal" in a sentence ("Hippety, hippety, hop, to the corner shop, for apocryphal of candy"). Survivors sought refuge in Toronto's spic-and-span new subway, constructed, we were told, at the modest cost of sixteen million dollars a mile.

Canada's answer to Marilyn Monroe, incidentally, turned out to be co-chairman with John Heather of the convention. Her name is Sue McDowell, and when she isn't collecting wolf calls at the King Edward Hotel she presides over the Book Room at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario.

SPEAKING OF LA MONROE, Leonard Gorrell, manager of the Brock-Sheraton at Niagara Falls (some eighty-five miles from Toronto), assured Claude Butler and myself that he had assigned me the same suite (Number 1107) that Marilyn had occupied when she was making a picture there two years ago. Never have I been guilty of more atrocious timing—but the view outside was still breathtaking, and the couch within retained some mighty interesting bumps. . . . Butler, head of Canada's Ambassador Books, was in Niagara to complete his research for a biography of Sir Isaac Brock, hero of the Dominion in the War of 1812. It was Butler too who, upon observing a honeymoon couple in the lobby of the hotel, mused: "Hm-m-m. Bride goeth before the Falls!"

JOHN GRAY, OF MACMILLAN'S in Canada, told a story at the convention that underlines the general lack of interest in fiction today. One of his editors was carrying the manuscript of a novel under his arm when he suddenly decided to drop in to a movie house to see a highly touted film. Unwilling to risk losing his precious script, he persuaded the house manager to put it in the safe while he was enjoying the picture.

When he came out, all hell had broken loose. The lobby was cluttered with policemen. Desperadoes, it seems, had thrust a rod against the manager's back, ordered him to open the safe, and made off with its entire contents—with one notable exception. After a contemptuous look at the manuscript, the head thug had told the manager, "We wouldn't deprive you of this," and had thrown it back in the safe. —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review
JUNE 12, 1954

SUNRISE IN THE WEST

A Reappraisal of European-American Relations

By PETER VIERECK

Anti-Americanism is on the increase in Europe, go-it-aloneism on the increase in the United States. The two phenomena, says Peter Viereck, are not unrelated, and they suggest that the concepts of "left" and "right" may be dangerously outdated in the area of foreign relations. Mr. Viereck, who develops this thesis below, is professor of history at Mount Holyoke College and author of "Conservatism Revisited," "Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals," and several volumes of lyric poetry.

THIS attempt to reinterpret anti-Americanism in Europe reflects some recent travels abroad, during which this writer was lecturing on American poetry and culture at Oxford University and on the Continent. The present interpretations are based on the following article of faith: America and Europe have so much in common that the forces of love—the forces of reconciliation and of a voluntary unity-within-diversity—are stronger than hate and war.

America owes so much to the Old World—our Bible, our Dante and Goethe and Shakespeare, our democratic Bill of Rights—that no American material aid can ever repay this spiritual debt. To me as a poet, and also as an historian, the great writers and artists of Western Europe, yes and also of Russia, mean so much that I would take Jefferson's saying: "Every man has two fatherlands, his own and France," and change it to read: "Every American writer has two fatherlands, his own and Europe." So when I call Europe's anti-Americanism a major catastrophe, this is not because it criticizes America (we *need* more criticism to overcome our smugness) but because the Europeans themselves thereby commit suicide. Anti-Americanism in Europe is a luxury that was good clean fun in the 1920's. So was anti-Europeanism in America. But for both of us it is a luxury suicidally expensive today, when Communist armies are poised to strike at some new Korea or Indo-China.

One clue to psychological anti-Americanism is found by turning back to the year 431 B.C. and rereading a tactless and embarrassing passage in the otherwise great speech delivered that year by Pericles, leader of the democratic and commercial empire of Athens; this was during the famous war against Sparta's militarist totalitarian dictatorship:

> We secure our friends not by accepting favors but by doing them. And so we are naturally more firm in our attachments; for we are anxious *as creditors* to cement by kind offices our relations towards friends. If they do not respond with the same warmness, it is because they feel that their services will not be given spontaneously but only as the repayment of a debt. We are alone among mankind in doing men benefits, not on calculations of self-interest but in the fearless confidence of freedom.

This quotation of twenty-four hundred years ago with its tone of self-righteous smugness helps explain what ineffective propagandists Americans are and what ineffective propagandists the equally unpopular Athenians were. "Insufferable" is the only possible word for such Athenian propaganda; it sounded insufferable

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in precisely the way that America's righteous Lady Bountiful tone sounds insufferable to Europeans today. Every American citizen pays a fat slice out of every dollar to aid the European economy, a fact not widely enough appreciated abroad. Conversely, Americans don't sufficiently appreciate the fact that this aid is merely material, whereas in two world wars the peoples of Europe had to pay with millions of lives.

Let us examine anti-Americanism not merely among Europe's pro-Communist minority. Rather, let us also and especially examine the current increase of anti-Americanism among Europe's very finest citizens: those many idealists and heroes of the recent anti-Nazi crusade who are in no way fellow-travelers of any Kremlin line but who love liberty as much as Americans do, or often even more so. First of all, we have not yet convinced them of America's cultural creativity. Secondly, we have not convinced them of American fidelity to the common sacrament of anti-Fascism which united Europe and America in World War II and which is one of the noblest inspiring passions in the whole history of freedom. Let us consider these two causes in that order.

Cultural prestige means more in Europe than America's narrowly economic or military experts have the background to realize. Even in terms of their own pragmatic, political, non-cultural motives (which in this case accidentally happen to coincide with "higher things"), America needs to make its serious cultural achievements better known in Europe. Or to put the same point in the "practical" terminology of the "teams" of know-how experts, America must "stage" a cultural "comeback" abroad. Foreign policy and military security may seem remote from mere "longhair stuff" to a know-how "team." Yet our entire Western alliance is subtly poisoned by Europe's disproportionate focus on our worst magazines and films as "representing" American culture.

NOT in order to exonerate our own hucksterdom but in order to record that Europe's philistia is just as prevalent, let it be recorded that nobody *forces* Europe to purchase so avidly not the best but the vulgarest Americana, which Europe's masses voluntarily prefer to their own great heritage. In that sense, the hatred of our admittedly vulgar Americana by cultured Europe today is a projection of Europe's secret self-hatred, its hatred of its rootless postwar detachment from its own great past, its hatred of becoming voluntarily even more "Americanized" than our own pluralistic America. For despite current huckster rampages which condescend to compare our leading scientists with crooked bank-tellers, our pluralistic America does fortunately remain less "Americanized," less crass and materialistic, and more seriously cultured than had seemed to be the case in the Babbitt-baiting, of the Twenties.

America is more complicated, both better and worse, than this oversimplified stereotype of the Twenties, to which most Europeans still cling. Is it not time, through hundredfold multiplication of such exchanges as the Fulbright plan, to let Europeans revise their stereotype by freely judging, at first hand, America's new artistic and literary flowering? While it would be blasphemous to exchange cultural knowledge merely from the

(*Continued on page 38*)

A British View of the Americans

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In any evaluation of anti-Americanism abroad there is a danger of forgetting or minimizing the very real pro-Americanism of responsible spokesmen overseas. A refreshing example of the temperate, non-abusive European attitude toward this country can be found in the editorial "The Americans" from the* Manchester Guardian *of May 1, which* SR *reprints here in part:*

IF one thinks in broad terms of the role played by the United States in world affairs since the war three things stand out. First, the United States has done more than any other country to guarantee peace in the world. Secondly, America remains the foremost country in the world, whose ideal, in the words of its own Constitution, is to "promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Thirdly, the United States has done more than any country in the world to help others and secure their health, prosperity, and welfare. Proof of the first point lies in American help which saved Greece from falling to rebellion, in the swift reaction to the Berlin blockade and the saving of that city from being strangled by Communist pressure, in the guarantee given through the North Atlantic Treaty to Western Europe and the backing of that guarantee with the troops and aircraft now stationed in Europe, and in the American resistance to aggression in Korea.

The list is dull through familiarity. But is it not sometimes forgotten? And do we not sometimes too easily assume that because the United States did these things she was bound to do them anyway? The assumption is false. It would have been easy for all the Kennicotts to retire to their Gopher Prairies, as they did after the First World War, and there forget about all the torments and troubles in the distant continents of Europe and Asia. Or it would have been easy for America to take the MacArthur line, and "go it alone." But she did neither of these things. She has sought conscientiously—if at times rather impatiently—to do her duty in the world and to stand by her friends and allies.

If they forget it they will do so at their own peril. There is a real risk that the apathy, ingratitude, and unthinking criticism of other countries will turn Americans inwards again upon themselves. They are disillusioned because so often the presence of American troops in Germany and France and other foreign places is treated as if it were solely a policy of American self-interest. They are disillusioned because the Americans in Korea were left to fight almost the whole war on behalf of the United Nations, unsupported by other members. (It will be hard for any American Administration again to intervene on behalf of others, as President Eisenhower has discovered over Indo-China.) They are disillusioned because the world seems to think that the Marshall Plan and Point Four were merely designed to give America control of new markets (as a result there is strong resistance now to any further programs of foreign aid, however urgent the need). They are disillusioned because they set out after the war to help the world to its feet, and yet nobody seems to like them.

One day they may take the critics at their word and go home, back to America and back to isolation. That would be a catastrophic day for Western Europe and many other places where liberty still matters. Let us hope it does not come: and let us be careful not to hasten its arrival. There are many valid grounds for criticizing American policy and American methods. There are valid grounds, too, for alarm over the apparent tarnishing of America's own ideals. But the broad soundness, honesty of purpose, and worth of the role America has been playing in world affairs ought not to be in doubt.

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FICTION

"Cannery Row" Continued

"Sweet Thursday," by John Steinbeck *(Viking Press. 273 pp. $3.50), returns to the setting and characters of "Cannery Row," telling of Doc, who interrupts his scientific study of octopi to woo and win Suzy, a local prostitute who doesn't enjoy her work.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

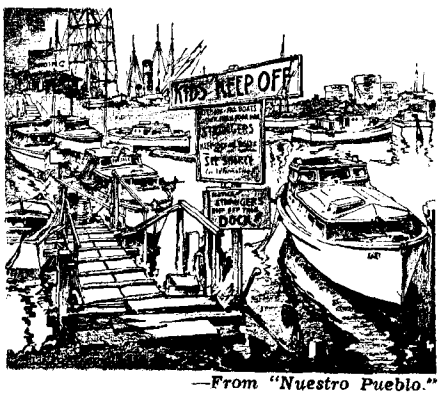
JOHN STEINBECK'S "Sweet Thursday" evidently is well on its way to becoming a best seller even on its day of publication. It will be widely advertised and reviewed as a continuation of the very popular "Cannery Row," as another novel about "whores, pimps, and gamblers" who, looked at from another point of view, could be called "saints and angels and martyrs and holy men." Because "Sweet Thursday" is so clearly headed for a "success" very few books have, it's likely to be praised or panned quite as much in terms of the reader's intellectual affiliations as in terms of its merits or demerits. What's certain is that all the brows, from highest to lowest, will have their say about the novel, that the public will become even more aware of "Sweet Thursday's" existence than they were of "East of Eden's."

Like "Cannery Row," Steinbeck's new novel centers about the activities of Doc, who, you'll remember, was sufficiently at ease with himself to be at ease in the world of Cannery Row. Because of this self-sufficiency he was able to like Fauna, the madam of Bear Flag (the community's best house of prostitution), the girls who worked there, Mack, the amiable crook, Hazel, the mild moron, and a lot of others most readers wouldn't dare to like in real life. But Doc's self-sufficiency has deteriorated since the war. He feels guilty that he's not accomplished more, undertakes a study of the transparent emotions of octopi he hopes will reveal a good deal about human emotions and temporarily loses interest in people who are pleasantly amoral. The community, with Fauna and Mack in the lead, manage to get Doc to fall in love with Suzy, a prostitute who doesn't love her work. And so they marry, to live not unhappily ever after, and maybe Doc even completes his study of octopi.

The intelligentsia undoubtedly will ban "Sweet Thursday." The sentimental assumption that "bad" people really are "good," which invaded all of his best novels except "East of Eden," pervades this book as it did "Cannery Row" and "The Wayward Bus." It's another of his bad retakes of "Tortilla Flat," and maybe the intelligentsia will say, that one wasn't as good as it seemed, either. Doc is a one-dimensional character with no resemblance to any scientist living or dead. All the other characters are as unbelievable as an adolescent's day dreams after he has read Rousseau. In other words, "Sweet Thursday" is simply another concoction of sweetness and sex by an author who has somehow been overpraised.

But there will be intelligent others, who are maybe closer to the truth, who will praise "Sweet Thursday's" uninhibited gusto and argue that Steinbeck's intentional exaggerations make good reading and good sense. Whores sometimes do become good wives; crooks are often more moral than those who judge them; fellows like Doc represent the perplexity about good and evil that characterizes our anxious age. Anyhow, it's a good yarn, full of good cracks like the one about the crook, Joseph and Mary, who took "a certain pleasure in being partly legal. It gave him the satisfaction most people find in sin."

How strike a balance between these two points of view? As anyone who has followed him from "Cup of Gold" until now knows, Steinbeck is the most uneven excellent writer of our times. Even his worst books are pleasantly readable some of the time; even his best novels are never as thoroughly plausible and illuminating as the best of, say, Faulkner and Hemingway. Sometimes it seems as though Steinbeck can become as great an American writer as we've had in our century (I thought so when I read "East of Eden"); at other times, it appears that he is a gifted writer who can never control his fiction sufficiently to write a first-rate book.



—From "Nuestro Pueblo."

"SWEET THURSDAY" makes one feel betwixt and between; it's better than "Cannery Row," not as good as "Tortilla Flat," "In Dubious Battle," "The Grapes of Wrath," and "East of Eden." It belongs with his good-and-bad books, like "The Pastures of Heaven" and "Of Mice and Men." Of course Steinbeck's insight into the civilized and moral behavior one often finds among the disreputable is valid and healthy. Of course Steinbeck is frequently clever, sometimes wise in "Sweet Thursday." But his latest novel often reads like an unconvincing reiteration of what he's said before and better. All of the characters are flat types, none of them individuals as Danny was, as Tom Joad was, as Adam Trask was. The comedy (and comedy justifies oversimplification but not predictable distortion) depends upon forgetting what you know is going to happen, and there are stretches of pages you can only get through because you know from past experience with Steinbeck that some good scenes will be coming up.

It is true that "Sweet Thursday" is written with enjoyable gusto, that Steinbeck frequently kicks over conventional traces delightfully. Still this indubitable best seller is not the novel one hoped it would be. Maybe Steinbeck, like a lot of good novelists of the past and the present, has to fall from good to bad and back again because he is made that way or because his later books, good and bad, have won praise and sales so easily that he has lost the power of self-criticism. I hope Steinbeck, who neither should become nor could become Henry James, continues to let go—as Saul Bellow did in "The Adventures of Augie March," as Joyce Cary did in "The Horse's Mouth," as Fielding, Sterne, and a lot of unmodish others did. But I also hope that he will learn the lesson of Saul Bellow and Joyce Cary if not the lesson of James. Gusto and daring and the courage to digress are not incompatible with a form that gives shape to the disorder of the imagination and the chaos of unaltered life. If he is to rank with the best and not with the good (as he already does), he must become more consciously the artist I fear he looks down his nose at with a perverse, inverted snobbery.

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Imperial Dusk

"Roman Wall," by Bryher *(Pantheon Books. 219 pp. $2.75), set in 265 A.D., when the decline of the Empire had already begun, chronicles the flight of a group of Romans through Switzerland, ahead of invading barbarians.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

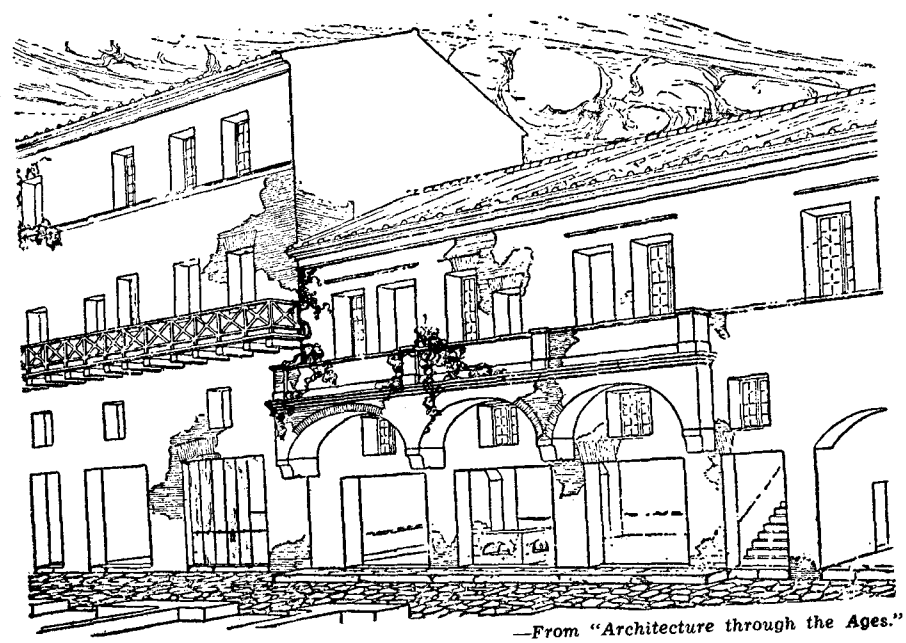
ALTHOUGH the basic justification for historical fiction is that, through invented happenings, it reconstructs a past age—*any* past age—with such vividness as to give it reality, it is still a fact that, except for those which are pure "cloak and dagger," historical novels arrest or do not arrest attention, as they do or do not reflect the feelings, situations, even hopes and fears, of the time in which they were written.

On this basis, "Roman Wall," by the English novelist who writes under the odd pseudonym of "Bryher," should attract all the attention any writer could ask. Unlike Alfred Duggan, whose novels this novel clearly resembles and whose following she should draw on, Bryher does not write about "decline and fall" in the strictest sense of the word. The book's action takes place in 265 A.D., and with Diocletian, Constantine, and even Julian the Apostate still to reign, the Roman Empire still had some of its greatest rulers and its greatest days to come.

But the handwriting was on the wall, even if in almost invisible ink. And since the culmination of her tale—the flight of its principal characters through Switzerland ahead of the invading Alemanni—is plainly based on Bryher's own passage through France in World War II; and since there is more than a possibility that just as the Alemanni were followed, as the years rolled on, by the Franks, the Burgundians, the Vandals, the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths, the Alans, and the Huns, so the Nazis may well be followed by their own succession of enemies of our way of life, it is not difficult to see a parallel. All that is necessary is that we plunge into the fatuous and undue complacency and the equally fatuous and undue fears that pertained in 265—or that we use one "barbarian" to fight another "barbarian" as was done in ancient Rome.

But all this might imply that Bryher's novel is merely an historical treatise, and it is far more than that. It is a good novel in its own right, indeed an excellent one, and a good novel rarely states, though it often suggests, a moral. Rather it has its own independent existence—it has characters and action and life.

"Roman Wall" has all of these. A variety of figures—from Vinodius, the governor, who dies because of his blindness, to Demetrius, the trader, who escapes; from Julia, the proud Roman lady, to Veria, the lovely "Helvetian"; from Valerius who sternly sets his eyes on duty to Gallio, the artist—are all created so skilfully that they have the reality of people whom we actually know. They act too; they do not merely talk. This is a book in which things happen. And their action takes place, and these things happen, against a background of charm and loveliness which is vividly and poignantly described.



—From "Architecture through the Ages."

Modern reconstruction of an Ostia street—"handwriting on the wall."

Second Flight

"An Act of Love," by Ira Wolfert *(Simon & Schuster. 519 pp. $4), a complete rewriting of his 1948 novel, is a story of naval air pilots in the Pacific during World War II and the peace one found on a tropical island.*

By Maxwell Geismar

I WAS one of the readers who were disappointed in the original version of Ira Wolfert's "An Act of Love," partly because it had to match the high standard of its author's story of the depression years, "Tucker's People." Whether Mr. Wolfert has actually performed a little miracle in his rewriting of the book, or whether it simply needed a second reading to sink in, I am not sure yet. I can only report that the new version is very much worth your attention, that the main sections of the story are superb writing, and that Mr. Wolfert at his best seems to be head and shoulders above the other writers in what is now the "middle generation" of post-World War II.

That is high praise, but the book deserves it. It is, among other things, the best fictional account of naval aviation—the "fly-boys"—and of a Navy pilot's life—that you can read today. The hero is a typical American boy whom Mr. Wolfert makes into a sort of Hans Castorp of the upper air. The long opening description of the naval and air battle in the Solomon Sea—where this hero vindicates his tradition and meets his doom—is a tremendous episode of war fiction. Mr. Wolfert makes you see and feel and live in it all; when the United States Cruiser *Minot* is sunk, it is in a sea of blood.

Mr. Wolfert's forte is the description of military action on all its levels, action which is dramatized and made human and which conveys moral and emotional values. Compared with the first half of this novel, something like "The Caine Mutiny" is child's play. But when the pilot-hero, Harry Brunner, is cast up on the shore of his tropical island, and the scene shifts to primitive savage tribes of the Solomons, and to the decadent English and American colonizers, there is still a puzzling break in the narrative. One sees more clearly now that the hero is thrown from the "thunderhead" of civilization—where human souls are like the mangled birds that beat against Harry Brunner's plane—to the extremes of social anarchy. And the novel's point, of course, is that this won't work, either.

Yet Harry Brunner's path to salva-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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SPAIN

Memoirs of the Rehearsal

"My Mission to Spain," by Claude G. Bowers *(Simon & Schuster. 437 pp. $6), is an account by our ambassador to Spain during the Spanish Civil War of what he terms "the rehearsal for World War II." Below it is reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun, author of "Europe in Evolution" and other books.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

AN observant eye, an unfeigned interest in people and scenes, a mercurial style that extracts the gold of eloquence from the dross of circumstances, all these have won the writings of Claude Bowers a well-merited place on the lists of American history. But when the lists are annotated the flattering adjectives that follow his titles end with a cautioning word. The word is "partisan."

Whether he is describing "Jefferson in Power" or the aftermath of the War Between the States in "The Tragic Era," Bowers's sympathies are manifestly democratic and Democratic. No one should be surprised, therefore, to learn that his account of his "Mission to Spain" from 1933 to 1939 is a moving defense of the Spanish liberals and a relentless indictment of the Fascists (of all nations) who helped to overthrow the Spanish Republic.

Three months after Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inaugural, Bowers presented his credentials to President Alcalá Zamora in Madrid. For the next six years he held the post of U.S. Ambassador to a regime that had ceased to exist when he resigned in 1939.

One might have hoped that his personal record of those years, a record assembled by an historian of note who had exceptional opportunities for close observation, would be a work of judicious appraisal, of weight and substance. Instead it is a curious melange, part diary, part travelogue, part eyewitness journalism. There are many fine descriptive passages, but there is little consecutive narration and the final effect is disappointing.

What redeems it from repetitious confusion is its special pleading—it is a vigorous polemic—and what embellishes it are its brief and highly polished facets. Bowers's pen-portraits of Spanish politicians, of fellow diplomats, of village mayors, innkeepers, peasants, soldiers, marketwomen, shopkeepers, are superb. His blow-by-blow accounts of parliamentary battles in the Cortes are packed with drama. His frequent journeys through the Spanish countryside are interludes of beguiling charm. But his analyses of historic events and particularly of what lay behind those events seem superficial and fragmentary.

The fault lies in the circumstances that dictated the writing and the release of this book. In his foreword Bowers explains that the manuscript "was withheld from publication during the World War because its caustic treatment of Mr. Chamberlain might have been misinterpreted as an attack on the English people." A more plausible excuse, which he places second, was the propriety of expressing strong personal views while he was still active in the foreign service of the United States. He held the post of ambassador to Chile from 1939 to 1953.

Perhaps this same punctiliousness explains why he limits himself to his own material, avoiding the citation of State Department correspondence. Yet the appearance of this fourteen-year-old work with a 1954 imprint has a confusing effect on the reader. It is almost as if a newspaper of the Thirties should appear bearing today's dateline.

Mr. Bowers must have been well aware of this liability and in shouldering it he made a deliberate choice. He might have added a barrage of footnotes, documenting with chapter and verse from subsequent publications (the captured German documents, for example) the justice of his judgments formed at the time. It is true that his suspicions regarding the machinations of Spanish Rightists with Mussolini and Hitler were neither so penetrating nor so prescient as he seems to believe. But he could have made out a very convincing case, with the advantage of hindsight, for the honesty and accuracy of his contemporary reading of events.

He might also, in these present difficult times, have withheld a work so frankly liberal if not leftist in its sympathies. Instead, he apparently judged the moment ripe to startle Americans with an expose of their fallacious thinking of fifteen to twenty years ago. It is his argument that Fascist propaganda, playing on a widespread fear of Communism in the Western world, induced Britain, France, and

THE AUTHOR: After two decades of ambassadorial life in Spain and Chile Claude G. Bowers, a mellowed, splendid repository of diplomacy and history, has settled down in a Manhattan apartment, three flights up, half a block west of Central Park, with a superb view of one-way traffic. "The changeover doesn't bother me at all," Bowers said the other day in a living room turned into a kind of museum of his careers (autographed pictures of FDR and HST on an old Basque table and framed letters by Jefferson and Washington Irving on a wall). "For twenty years a footman used to spread a robe over my legs every time I got into a car. Now I walk to the corner, get into a cab, and the driver says, 'Where the hell are you going, bo?'" Bowers, a spirited gentleman of seventy-five, retired from diplomacy last fall after having served, first, six years as our Ambassador in Madrid and, later, fourteen in Santiago.

Bowers, in Spain, became one of the earliest American witnesses of World War II; he had previously devoted decades to editorial writing (the old *World,* among others), history (some impressive volumes on different U.S. eras), and oratory (the keynote address at the Democratic National Convention in 1928). His versatility makes it interesting to find his occupational label. "There's an old story—'the politicians say you're a historian, the historians that you're a politician'—and it seems applicable to me," he said. Bowers, in writing history, is an A-student of the absorb-the-atmosphere school. When in Madrid he became interested in Irving, his predecessor by almost a century. He jumped into his "well-known" Packard one day and drove to Seville, a favorite city of Irving's. "My car was parked on the Alameda," Bowers recalled. "I walked around for an hour, then left. I later learned that the car had been parked directly in front of the most notorious bordello in town." Returning home after all these years, Bowers has noted some changes. "When I left in 1933 'liberal' was a distinguished word," he said. "Today it's become one of suspicion."

—Bernard Kalb.

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the United States to doom the Spanish Republic.

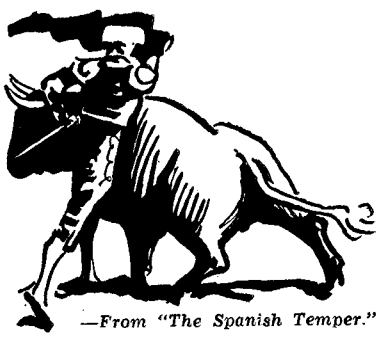
For he insists, as a witness who saw the scene close up, that the Spanish Republic, established after the fall of the monarchy in 1931, was a viable regime. Left to themselves the Spaniards might have worked out a solution to their problems on liberal and democratic lines. The election of 1936, their last free opportunity to express their will, showed a majority of the Spanish to be liberals but not radicals. The government of Spain when the revolt was loosed in 1936 was not a radical government. There was not one Communist or Socialist in it, "not one who could be described as an extremist; not one who was not a republican and a democrat in the French and American sense."

THE tragedy Mr. Bowers recounts is the tragedy of a worthy, courteous dignified people, misrepresented, betrayed, deserted by those who should have understood and befriended them, and delivered over to those who were their enemies and the enemies of all decent men.

For three years after 1933, while the great tragedy was in the making, Bowers journeyed about Spain to disprove by personal observation the lies spread abroad about "Communist disorders." For three years he watched royalists, nobles, landowners, plutocrats, army officers pray and plot for the *coup d'etat* that would "save Spain from the Communists." From Communists, Bowers insists, who were an insignificant minority and no serious threat.

The real extremists were anarchists and syndicalists, dangerous factions certainly, but factions that had troubled Spain for over fifty years, that were an inevitable product of archaic injustices which the Republic of 1931 was striving slowly and cautiously to ameliorate.

If Mr. Bowers had published this book in 1940 his evidence that the Spanish Civil War was a deliberate "rehearsal" for World War II, staged by Hitler and Mussolini, would have been applauded throughout the democratic world. If he had published it in 1942 his argument that there was no real "Communist infiltration" in Spain would have reassured Americans busily shipping Lend-Lease aid to the Soviet Union. But that was long ago and in another decade and the wartime pact is dead. *Autres temps, autres moeurs.*



—From "The Spanish Temper."

The Cervantes Race

***"The Spanish Temper," by V. S. Pritchett** (Alfred A. Knopf. 267 pp. $3.75), is an English literary critic's description and analysis of the land of Don Quixote. Harriet de Onís, who reviews it here, has translated many Spanish works into English.*

By Harriet de Onís

V. S. PRITCHETT's new book is one for both those who know Spain and those planning to visit it. For the former, "The Spanish Temper" is like talking with a friend about a valued acquaintance who has fallen on evil days but without wholly succumbing under adversity; for the latter, it is a concise, illuminating introduction to the physical, psychological, and cultural reality of Spain. Mr. Pritchett is remarkably well equipped for this task. He is an English novelist and critic who lived much in Spain during the years 1924-1935. He returned in 1951 and 1952. One of the objects of his later visits was to assess the changes that have taken place there since the Civil War. Superficially these are many. People are flocking to the cities with the result that many of the old ways of life are disappearing. There is a great surge of building —most of it in deplorable taste—characteristic of all dictatorships. The Church seems stronger and more all-pervading than ever. Spaniards must work as never before to make ends meet. But basically they are unchanged, and Spanish skepticism and anarchy are as alive as ever. Most Spaniards are not happy over the state of things, but they see no way out. Besides, they are tired. However, it would probably be an error to assume that this is a permanent condition. Spain has fought three civil wars in a little more than a century, and this last may be just one more episode in the troubled history of the country.

Part of Spain's tragedy lies in its inability to compromise, its inveterate tendency to seek out areas of discrepancy rather than of agreement. With keen insight, Mr. Pritchett has seen the bull as the totem of Spain, and El Greco's famous painting, "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz," as the plastic symbol of that "most difficult notion for a Spaniard —the existence of a personality other than his own." I would add that it is not by chance that mercury abounds in Spain, that element which achieves cohesion only under pressure, and breaks up the moment the pressure is removed. The constant need of the Spaniard to affirm his own personality against all opposition—and the existence of anyone holding a different opinion has the same effect on him as a red rag on a bull—makes Spain an almost impossible country to govern. Every Spaniard is at heart an anarchist. The law is his enemy and exists to be evaded. Most of the great national heroes—the Cid, Cortes, Balboa, Orellana—accomplished their exploits in defiance of the law.

In a book as brief as this, historical analysis must of necessity be oversimplified. But the sights, the sounds, the smells of Spain are evoked with a vividness that has a physical impact. One of the best chapters is on El Escorial, the gloomy palace from which Philip II ruled his vast empire. It is difficult for an Englishman, with the ancestral memory of the threat that monarch represented to his country, to make any allowance for him. True, he was a man of limited vision, small imagination, a martinet, but his was an impossible task. His father, Charles V, had abdicated, leaving his son to face an international situation as difficult as ours today. (Charles might well have been accused of "twenty years of treason," for he was the patron of Erasmus and had encouraged the new learning in which Protestantism had, in part, its origins.) If Philip became suspicious and refused to delegate authority, he had his reasons. His trusted secretary, Antonio Pérez, sold him out to his enemies; his handsome, popular, bastard half-brother, Don Juan of Austria, was a thorn in his flesh; his eldest son and heir was demented. He served a chill mistress, duty, according to his lights. As for the Inquisition, which Mr. Pritchett calls the "model of contemporary persecution," whatever its accomplishments, they were too dearly bought.

Mr. Pritchett has been misinformed about the closing days of Unamuno. Unfortunately for Don Miguel, he did not lose his mind, but conserved his lucidity to the bitter end. His last public utterance, almost drowned out by the Falange's shouts of *Viva la muerte* and *Muera la inteligencia*, was: *"Venceréis pero no convenceréis"* (You will vanquish but not convince).

"That book which contains all other books on Spain," "Don Quixote," supplies the fitting comment on this country that deserves a better fate: "The evil sorcerers may deny me success, but none can take from me my spirit and my courage."

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—Ewing Galloway.

The Alcazár, protectress of Segovia—"a durable stamp of Islamic-Judaic feeling."

Dust, Man, and God

"The Structure of Spanish History," by Américo Castro *(Princeton University Press. 689 pp. $9), is a Spanish literary scholar's study of Spanish medieval thought and an attempt to find the significance of Spanish culture. Bohdan Chudoba, who reviews it here, is the author of "Spain and the Empire."*

By Bohdan Chudoba

"THE Spaniard has always lived by depicting his Spanish forefathers as heroes who blissfully run performance of deeds of valor or in the expectation of opportunities to perform them." The fearless knight from the Mancha plain who fought the windmills would have heartily agreed with this definition of "Hispanity." Little wonder that Professor Américo Castro, who coined it, began his scholarly career with a book on the ideas of Cervantes. When he wrote it, some thirty years ago, his restless, quickly moving mind was already attracted by the evident and yet not easily definable peculiarities of the Spanish national character. His new book, "The Structure of Spanish History"—a bulky, considerably expanded English version of the Spanish original, "España en su Historia," published in 1948—resulted from a long spiritual quest into the entire Spanish past.

Through Professor Castro's pages parade the pre-Cervantesque, formative centuries of the Iberian history, revealing a wealth of details, chiefly literary and philosophical. Chapters such as those dealing with the Castilian epic and with the Archpriest of Hita and his "Libro de Buen Amor" will be especially appreciated by lovers of Spanish medieval literature. The book has been written almost as a confession of faith and the author's passionate argumentation makes it very readable.

In an attempt to distinguish between the character of the nation—a fixed, given thing, as he puts it—and its vital disposition or "dwelling-place," Castro has set out to investigate the past inhabitants of the Pyrenean peninsula, studying their spiritual orientation and the boundaries that limited their possibilites. He has done so with a ready-made thesis in mind—he is willing to apply the adjective "Spanish" only to the people who have lived south of the Pyrenees since the Moorish invasion, and he believes, therefore, that the dominating influence upon them was Oriental, non-rational thought. The result is an enthusiastic corroboration of what some Spanish Arabists—Francisco Codera and Miguel Asín Palacios, for instance—had already shown: that certain spiritual modalities, such as mysticism and illuminism, and even certain tendencies in the Spanish culture, such as the literary style, testify to the presence of a strong Hispano-Oriental tradition. However, where the above-mentioned scholars simply stated (for example) that the mysticism of St. John of the Cross is not to be fully understood outside the tradition preserved by the Castilian Moriscos, Castro is ready to go much farther. To him, there is, deeply imprinted on the Spanish habitat, a durable stamp of Islamic-Judaic thought and feeling which makes the history of Spain appear as "an utterly aberrant form of life."

PROFESSOR Castro by no means makes evident why this should be so. The Germanic stamp on the Italian or the Mongolian stamp on the Russian "dwelling places" are equally strong and there is no such thing as a typical or average European culture. Nor is Castro's conclusion that the activities of the Spaniard as always magnifying his inner kingdom, a kingdom which is a matter of belief and not the result of any kind of discursive analysis, in any sense an inevitable one. Thus, for instance, the expansionist policy and the overseas discoveries of the Iberians—of which a Jewish convert, the poet-priest Diego de Valencia de León was one of the protagonists—were, as Christopher Dawson has amply demonstrated, a direct continuation of the Crusades—itself a very realistic and not originally an Iberian movement. Or another example: by depicting his Spanish forefathers as heroes who blissfully run great risks for God and King, but among whom "one will look in vain for an Andreas Vesalius or for heroes in the realm of thought such as Campanella, Bruno, or Galileo," Professor Castro seems to forget that in Barcelona there had existed a flourishing school of experimental anatomy two centuries before Vesalius.

Professor Castro has suceeded in compiling a detailed study of Spanish medieval thought, but his attempt to reevaluate the general significance of Spanish culture is rather one-sided.

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Lyrics and Satire Out of Russia

"The Unknown Chekhov" (Noonday Press. 316 pp. $4.50), is a collection of stories and other writings of the great Russian writer, translated for the first time into English by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Here it is reviewed by Marc Slonim, author of "Modern Russian Literature from Chekhov to the Present."

By Marc Slonim

ANTON CHEKHOV was twenty years old and a medical student when, in 1880, he published his first story—a parody entitled "Letter to a Learned Neighbor." He soon became a regular contributor to various comic periodicals and turned out quips, cartoon captions, and sketches mostly signed "Antosha Chekhonte," his favorite pen name among a dozen of others ("My Brother's Brother," "Men Without Spleen," etc.). His gay disposition and spontaneous humor enabled him to supply a constant flow of copy, and the fees—however meager—from his puns and jokes greatly helped his family; for Anton, his parents, and several brothers and sisters lived in Moscow in shabby quarters and struggled painfully against poverty. Some of Chekhov's squibs were patently written for money.

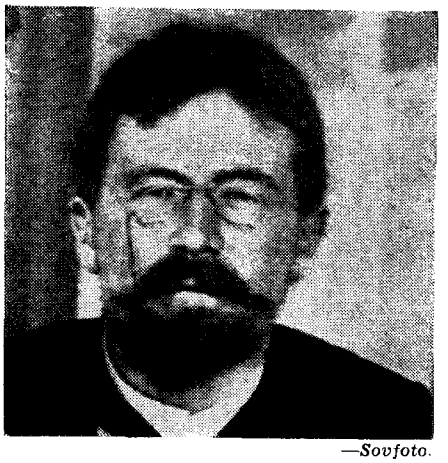
Many years later, at the turn of the century, when Chekhov became a well-known and established writer, he included in the first edition of his collected works twenty out of 117 longer pieces he wrote in his youth between 1880 and 1883. "Chekhonte," he declared, "produced lots of stuff which Chekhov cannot acknowledge." He also censored a whole batch of stories written in the late Eighties and Nineties and, in general, acted as an extremely severe editor and self-critic. All the following editions of his works, as they appeared during his lifetime, included only his own selections; after his death and until 1944 a few posthumous texts were added. In the last four decades, however, every single story or letter written by Chekhov has been unearthed and catalogued, and this has made possible a new revised and definitive edition of his works. Undertaken through a special decision of the Soviet Government, it was published at Moscow in twenty volumes between 1944 and 1951. It presents a complete picture of Chekhov's literary heritage.

Most translators of Chekhov, and particularly Constance Garnett, whose versions are still reprinted throughout the English-speaking world, have either ignored or omitted Chekhov's early tales and have even hesitated to use the less popular pieces of his best period. As a result of this situation, a large body of Chekhov's writings are not available in English. Out of 700 titles, less than 300 have been translated. Of course, many of Chekhov's newspaper articles, captions, and puns are hardly worth translating; but dozens of his early stories are brimming with humor, while others are in their individual ways fascinating, melancholy, and penetrating.

The twenty-five stories, excerpts, and fragments Avrahm Yarmolinsky includes in his volume, "The Unknown Chekhov," are translated into English for the first time. They most certainly make a valuable contribution towards a fuller and better understanding of Chekhov's artistic genius.

Chekhov, the humorist, is represented by a few light nonsensical sketches, such as the droll "Whist," highly popular among Russian readers (included by the author in his collected works but omitted by Mrs. Garnett), and such hilarious pieces as "Two of a Kind" and "Women Make Trouble." More serious overtones are discernible in "Perpetuum Mobile," which czarist censors considered unfit for school libraries "because it depicted unfavorably a district attorney and a physician who, instead of performing an autopsy, indulge in playing cards and forget their duty." Other stories depict ruined landowners who do not dare to face their desperate plight ("Other People's Misfortune"), weak young men supported by well-to-do wives and suffering from the loss of self-esteem ("The Lodger"), and pathetic fathers who cannot cope with their rich, brilliant sons ("Saintly Simplicity").

The two most important tales in the volume are "An Unpleasantness" and "A Visit to Friends." It is truly astonishing that such remarkable stories have never been translated before. "An Unpleasantness" (1892) belongs to that category of Chekhov's tales in which the humor is either modulated or relegated to the background, while the themes of futility and the gloominess of life come to the fore. It tells of a country doctor who slaps his drunken assistant and afterwards suffers from remorse; his sincere desire to do the right thing produces an awful mess, and he ends up by hating himself, the assistant, and all his friends, who use coarse and ridiculous devices in order to help him. The tawdriness and narrowness of Russian provincial life is depicted with tragic overtones in this witty narrative.



—Sovfoto.

Anton Chekhov—"fascinating, melancholy."

"A Visit to Friends," which inevitably invites comparison with "The Cherry Orchard," has the directness and depth of more celebrated Chekhov's novelettes. Its hero, a Moscow lawyer, visits with his old friends, ruined landowners whose heavily mortgaged estate is about to be sold by the bank. The characteristics of lazy and pleasure-seeking noblemen, of their wanton but charming women, and of the sophisticated lawyer have an astringent quality, while the plot itself is poetic, even pathetic.

Mr. Yarmolinsky was well advised to include unfinished fragments in his volume. The most important of these is the sequel to the well-known novelette, "Peasants," and excerpts from "The Island Sakhalin," the latter both a study of an Asiatic penal colony and a travelogue. This reportage was written in 1890, and Mr. Yarmolinsky accepts the thesis of those biographers who surmise that Chekhov undertook the long and strenuous voyage across Siberia—mostly by coach—to escape a romantic involvement with Lydia Avilova, a married lady who was in love with him. In this reviewer's opinion the Siberian episode should be interpreted in the light of Chekhov's temporary interest in Tolstoy's moral ideas. By the end of the Eighties, Chekhov was on the quest for some worthwhile social project, and he hoped that his description of convicts and exiles would lead to the improvement of their condition. In any case, the excerpts from "The Island Sakhalin" reveal some lesser-known aspects of Chekhov as a journalist.

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Minor Victorian

"George Gissing: Grave Comedian," by Mabel Collins Donnelly *(Harvard University Press. 245 pp. $4.50), offers us our first full view of the career of one of the most notable producers of Victorian three-deck novels. Here it is reviewed by Gordon N. Ray, head of the English department at the University of Illinois and editor of "The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray."*

By Gordon N. Ray

THOUGH George Gissing died in 1903, the more intimate aspects of his character and the critical episodes of his career have remained obscure. Family piety has permitted the appearance only of short and guarded accounts of his life and of one carefully censored volume of his letters. Baffled in their search for full and authentic information about Gissing, readers of his books have gone perforce to a novel called "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," which his friend Morley Roberts wrote about him in 1912. Since this has been like going to "Cakes and Ale" for information about Thomas Hardy, curiosity has thereby been whetted rather than satisfied.

Meanwhile, many of Gissing's letters and private papers have found their way into the great collections of literary materials housed in the Yale University Library and in the Berg Room of the New York Public Library. It has been clear for some years that a notable opportunity awaited the writer who would make a coherent story out of these documents and the autobiographical passages of Gissing's published works.

Mrs. Mabel Collins Donnelly has grasped this opportunity. With the permission of Gissing's son, she presents in "George Gissing: Grave Comedian" the first comprehensive and documented narrative of Gissing's painful but engrossing life. She describes with candor and compassion his difficult childhood, his precocious scholastic career (abruptly terminated when he was caught stealing from his fellow-students), his desperate wanderings in the United States as a boy of nineteen, his marital misadventures (his first wife was a prostitute, his second a shrew), his long struggle for literary success in the face of poverty and persistent neglect, and his brief emergence into popularity near the end of his life, when his health was already broken. "George Gissing: Grave Comedian" is an important book, which fills a considerable gap in English literary annals.

It must be stated, however, that Mrs. Donnelly's volume does not pretend to be the exhaustive, full-scale life of Gissing that will one day be written. She has made no use of important manuscript sources that are (or were, until recently) in private hands. When these are sifted, certain changes in emphasis will no doubt suggest themselves. An examination of Gissing's eighty-odd letters to H. G. Wells, for example, will reveal that Wells played a rather more important role in Gissing's later life than Mrs. Donnelly allows. Her quotations even from the Yale and Berg collections are sometimes tantalizing in their brevity. One has only to compare the passages from Gissing's letters that John D. Gordan quotes in his admirable catalogue of the Gissing exhibit now on view in the Berg Room (a valuable contribution to the history of Gissing, available from the New York Public Library at 75¢) to gain a conception of what further revelations in depth are eventually in store for us.

Mrs. Donnelly also proposes a new estimate of Gissing as a writer. Picking up a phrase from "Our Friend the Charlatan," she insists that Gissing is best regarded as a "grave comedian." She finds his most substantial accomplishment (along with "New Grub Street") in "Eve's Ransom," "The Whirlpool," "Charles Dickens: A Critical Study," and "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." She holds that these books, which were written in a mood of relative cheerfulness after he had freed himself from the trap of poverty and mismarriage, demonstrate most decisively that he had broken with the despised Victorians and was "ahead of his time." Though Mrs. Donnelly's case is ingeniously argued, it is difficult to accept. The Gissing that emerges even from her pages is a somber and uneasy figure, who is far better represented by the bitter and tormented "Born in Exile" than by the factitiously serene "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." By emphasizing Gissing's anticipations of a narrowly defined modernity, moreover, Mrs. Donnelly sacrifices too much to the criterion of contemporary relevance. She abandons, in Arnold's terms, the real estimate for the historical estimate. For most readers Gissing will continue to strike his authentic and personal note precisely in those Victorian "three-deckers" of his middle period which have usually been regarded as his greatest achievement: "Thyrza," "The Nether World," "New Grub Street," and "Born in Exile."

Shelley's Muse

THE SHELLEYS: AN EPISTOLATORY BIOGRAPHY: The love affair of Mary and Percy Shelley, legendary as one of the great romances, has been told many times and in varying degrees of objectivity. It is the kind of subject—both passionate and pathetic—that endures, and fresh presentations are likely to hold charm for many readers. Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford have capitalized on this attraction in bringing together 122 letters written by Mary, all of them previously published, which now constitute a fragmentary biography of **"My Best Mary"** (Roy, $3.50).

For their purpose the editors have been wisely discriminating, and although many of the letters are scrappy, their totality forms an intimate portrayal of Mary. They extend from 1814, the year of her elopement with the poet, to 1850, the year before her death. The central interest, of course, concerns the love affair. She addressed Shelley as "Sweet Elf" and often signed herself "Dormouse." Familiar details emerge—their clandestine meetings, Shelley's poverty and his hiding from creditors, the mother's grief for her dead babies, her intense love for Shelley. Mary's correspondence with many in the Shelley circle, before and after his death, reveals a variety of interests. She comments on domestic trivia, the beauties of Mont Blanc, the financial plight of the Leigh Hunts, the writings of Shelley, Byron, Hunt, and Trelawney, her betrayal by Jane Williams. Her emotional involvements with Hogg and Trelawney, her contempt for Byron's "unconquerable avarice," her devotion to her sole surviving son Percy are among other subjects which give the letters intimacy. To these may be added her sense of obligation to Shelley's friends, her frictions with the Shelley and Godwin families, and her emergence as an author. —EDWARD A. BLOOM.

—*Culver.*

George Gissing—"painful, engrossing."

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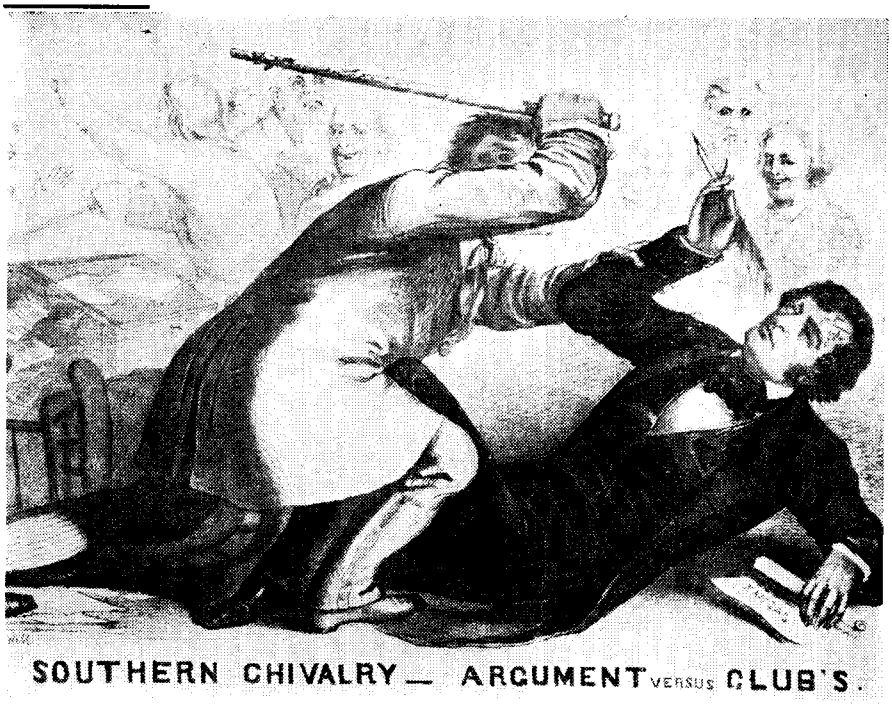

—Culver.

"The Kansas-Nebraska bill invited North and South to fight it out." (An 1854 cartoon.)

The Bloody Curtain Rises

"Bleeding Kansas," by Alice Nichols *(Oxford University Press. 307 pp. $4.50), is the story of the conflict between Northerners and Southerners for possession of Kansas between 1854 and 1857. Below it is reviewed by Kenneth S. Davis, Kansas novelist and historian.*

By Kenneth S. Davis

ON MAY 30, 1854, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" from Illinois, saw signed into law his Kansas-Nebraska bill which repealed the Missouri Compromise and, by establishing "squatter sovereignty" as the "solution" to the slavery question in organized territories, invited North and South to fight it out for possession of Kansas. Passage of the bill was preceded by the stormiest and probably the most important Great Debate in our national history; it was followed by years of terror and bloody violence in eastern Kansas between pro-slavers, mostly from Missouri, and free staters from New England and the Old Northwest.

As "Bleeding Kansas" from 1854 through 1857, the territory was a tragic issue by which the Buchanan Administration was wrecked, the sectional Republican party created, Abraham Lincoln (largely through his debates with Douglas) elevated to Northern leadership, and the Civil War made inevitable. Such Kansas free-state fighters as wild-eyed Jim Lane from Indiana, sober-minded, acquisitive Charles Robinson from Massachusetts, and bloody-handed, fanatical John Brown from upstate New York became national figures.

Of all this Kansans are being reminded and the rest of the nation informed in 1954, the year of the state's Territorial Centennial, by exhibits, publicity, and special celebrations. These, however, are ephemeral—and Kansans will welcome the addition to them of a book by Alice Nichols, "Bleeding Kansas"—a work of solid and permanent value which is also lively, colorful, exciting. The rest of the country should welcome it, too, for it is by far the best available popular history of a pivotal time and place in the American procession.

Miss Nichols writes in story form, with a liberal use of dialogue and with a novelist's sense of landscape and weather, of raw frontier settlements where national destinies were shaped, and, above all, of the gaudy Dickensian characters who blustered and swaggered across the Kansas prairies, mingling heroism and a high idealism with their abundant rascalities. She skilfully employs dramatic suspense as she portrays scenes of comedy and tragic violence. Yet she almost wholly avoids the history-faking which the story form so often involves. In nearly every case a statement put in quotation marks and attributed to Jim Lane, for example, is a remark which Jim Lane, according to his contemporaries, actually made. And if Miss Nichols tells you that a certain morning dawned cold, with a bitter north wind blowing, you can bet that it did, one hundred years ago.

I suspect that more outright lies and deliberate distortions have been recorded of Kansas's bloody birth than of the beginnings of any other of the forty-eight states. The men who came to Kansas in 1854 and immediately thereafter were acutely conscious of themselves as historical personages. They were making history, and in their eagerness to show themselves and their "cause" in the most favorable light they wrote voluminous and generally inaccurate accounts of their personal experiences. Particularly was this true of the New England contingent, coming west under the auspices of the New England Emigrant Aid Society. Charles Robinson from Massachusetts, for example, was a brave man, an intelligent man, with great natural talents as a leader of men; without him, the free state cause might conceivably have lost. At the same time he was a self-righteous prig whose acquisitive sense was not inhibited by too nice a concern for ethics, and in the book he wrote on "The Kansas Conflict" he was more concerned with making himself look good, and his rival Lane look bad, than he was with telling the unvarnished truth.

Hence "researching" an historical work on Kansas is no easy task. Discovering the truth is difficult; telling it may be mildly dangerous, since so many of the lies have now been sanctified by long tradition. As Miss Nichols puts it: "Textbook Kansas history has a complete Northern bias. A middle-of-the-road suspicion that the Southerners could not have been as black as they were painted, or the Northerners as white, sent me digging into the literature of territorial days." My own feeling is that, in her effort to redress the balance, she has sometimes tipped the scales toward the Southern side in her interpretations; I think, too, that she, like most of those who have written of him, is something less than fair to erratic, brilliant Jim Lane. I note in this connection one or two factual errors. It is not true, for instance, that Lane came to Kansas after having been defeated for reelection to Congress in Indiana; he didn't run for reelection that year.

These, however, seem to me very minor faults in a work whose general accuracy is as great as its human interest. This is authentic Americana. It ought to be widely read.

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Pathfinders (fem.)

"These Were the Women," by Mary Ormsbee Whitton (Hastings House, 320 pp. $3.75), is a collection of biographical sketches of some colorful women who lived in the United States between the Revolution and the Civil War.

By Helen Beal Woodward

IN the opening sentence Mary Ormsbee Whitton describes her new book as a "survey of American women and how they lived" from the time of the American Revolution to the Civil War. She makes no claim that any of her multitude of characters represents the typical American woman: "Each woman selected is an item in a social whole. Through her personal experience we can sense the tone of a group or region. Thus, woman by woman, we construct a composite portrait of time and place." Modestly, Mrs. Whitton then embarks on her ambitious task, which is nothing less than a survey of a sex, covering more than eighty years and ranging from George Washington's mother to the unknown women of the California mining camps.

There is something dated and a little depressing, at least to this reviewer, in the idea of lumping all these people together in one book simply because they all happened to have been born female. It suggests the literature of old-fashioned feminism: books like Sarah J. Hale's imposing "Woman's Record, or, Sketches of All Distinguished Women from the Creation to 1853 A.D.," Eliza Farnham's "Woman and Her Era," and the nineteenth century's various formidable Cyclopaedias of Female Biography.

If "These Were the Women" seems quaint in its conception, however, there is nothing dreary or dated about the writing. Subject follows subject in lively parade. Molly Pitcher is no sooner whisked off stage than Mrs. Benedict Arnold whisks on: Madame Lalaurie, the New Orleans sadist, gives way pronto to Elizabeth Crockett, the Texas pioneer. The effect is kaleidoscopic, impressionistic, crowded with life and color. Since the author is an authority on early Presidents' wives—her "First First Ladies" was published in 1948—she is perhaps at her most expert in her profiles of political figures, such as Peggy Eaton and Jessie Benton Fremont, but the real savor of her book lies in the obscure and faceless figures of history who people its pages.

Here, for example, we come across Mark Twain's account of his Uncle John's farm near Florida, Missouri. Mrs. Whitton quotes it because it is a picture of "the frontier town from the memory of a boy who came from it, and was to go far," but she pauses to wonder about his aunt. "My aunt, in one chimney corner, knitting," Twain wrote, and dismissed her so. But what did that knitting figure think and feel? That "has gone down into silence." All through her book Mrs. Whitton has kept a sympathetic eye out for the anonymous women knitting in chimney corners, the nameless women sent to draw water from the spring while the Indians wait in ambush, the young lady born without hands who makes watch-papers and fancy pieces with her toes for an admission of twenty-five cents, the homely cook who for lack of feminine competition becomes the belle of the mining camp, and little Mrs. B., the bartender, whose coffin rested on two butter tubs, with the green cloth from the hotel's monte table for a coffin cover.

When "These Were the Women" is dealing with background material, with the stuff of diaries and old letters, period newspapers and pamphlets and historical collections, it is as much fun to putter through as a family album or a municipal museum. When it is serving up its thumbnail biographies, it is still amusing reading, but we may find ourselves wondering what all the ladies add up to, and why these have been chosen.

The fact is that by electing to handle such a bulky mass of material, under so all-inclusive a title, and then choosing a method that combined broadly sketched background with detailed personal biography, Mrs. Whitton has made herself vulnerable. There are too many figures on her canvas for her to be minutely familiar with each one. Tiny inaccuracies crop up: Anne Royall becomes eighteen at her marriage, instead of twenty-eight. Mrs. Trollope acquires six children instead of five. Frances Wright's career grows gently garbled in the telling. Any author who deals with history is subject to little lapses, God knows, and an author who deals with eighty-four years of it and an entire sex is surely entitled to an extra quota. Mrs. Whitton's information is well documented, her treatment scholarly, her errors unimportant and infrequent, but the very scope of her inquiry puts her under a handicap. With all that rope, a writer of less ability could have hanged herself. That Mrs. Whitton has not done so, but has come up instead with so readable and trustworthy a book as "These Were the Women," speaks well for her research and her skill.

Coastal Course

CALIFORNIA BOUND: In recent years there has been a veritable rash of reprints of journals and diaries of emigrants moving across the American continent. The centennial of the California gold rush has had something to do with this, but possibly of more importance is the fact that young scholars have set about re-examining many of the sources of our pioneer history. In **"The Opening of the California Trail"** (University of Chicago Press, $3.75), George R. Stewart does a magnificent job of reconstructing the Moses Shallenberger journal of 1844. This journal was seen by Hubert Howe Bancroft, but unfortunately its text arrived too late to be included in the voluminous Bancroft history. The manuscript was returned to Shallenberger, and later was destroyed in a fire. From various sources Mr. Stewart has been able to rescue most of the original text. He does far more in his excellent piece of historical criticism than a mere reconstruction of a journal written partly from notes and partly from memory; he gives a good background support, descriptive and critical comments, to the journal.

Moses Shallenberger was a member of the Stevens party which went out to California in 1844. This group was among the first to cross the mountains to the Pacific slope, and its hardships and frustrations prefaced those of subsequent parties traveling in the same direction. Composing the party were twenty-six men, eight women, and fifteen children. Shallenberger was seventeen at the time of the journey, and demonstrated that he was a lad of keen perception and good judgment. He recorded the trials and tribulations of traveling over desert, across rocky divide, and floundering in the snow banks with a clarity which becomes such a difficult adolescence.

Mr. Stewart has performed two noble services in the editing of this journal. He has not only been a good sleuth and critic in assembling and clarifying the text, but he has also given the modern reader a pictorial concept of the country through which the emigrants passed. His photographs are graphic and forbidding even to the modern traveler. The glimpses of modern roads winding through the countryside, where weary emigrants battled the elements and hunger, do offer assurances that the modern traveler to California need not stop on the way as Moses Shallenberger was forced to do, and to subsist during a strenuous winter on fox meat. —THOMAS D. CLARK.

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Philosopher of a Physicist

"Alfred North Whitehead: An Anthology," selected by F. S. C. Northrop and Mason W. Gross *(Macmillan. 928 pp. $12.50), will give readers, attracted to the work of the great philosopher through the recently published "Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead"* [SR *May 8*] *a fair sampling of his thinking. Victor Lowe, who reviews it here, is head of the department of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University and co-author of "Whitehead and the Modern World."*

By Victor Lowe

AMONG the great thinkers of the modern world, Alfred North Whitehead is the one who has been least assimilated. Few would have predicted this twenty-five years ago, when he, more than anyone else, represented the intellectual power and the wisdom that could show young minds a road away from the oppressive conflict between esthetic values and a hard materialistic view of nature and human nature (*cf.* "Professor Grosbeake" in Edmund Wilson's novel, "I Thought of Daisy"). He was more than a professional philosopher; until he came to America at the age of sixty-three he had been a mathematician, noted for his formulations of new general foundations and of physical relativity. But he did not limit himself to "the philosophical implications" of his former specialty; that would have been easier for us to take. He applied his imaginative penetration and his power of generalization to the interpretation of human experience and the framing of a cosmology. This work was not that of a disembodied intellect; it is best described by words he used in another connection: "breadth of thought reacting with intensity of sensitive experience." Though other philosophers have declared the combination impossible, it is precisely the rare—and difficult—thing which readers of "Alfred North Whitehead: An Anthology," selected by F. S. C. Northrop and Mason W. Gross, will meet.

This use of the mind has seldom been widespread, and is not noticeably so today. The existentialist manfully carries the world on his shoulders—and refuses to apply his intellect to an object which he calls absurdity incarnate. In his native England, Whitehead is wholly forgotten by a philosophical profession busily exchanging notes on the correct usage of words. In America he has some influence. He never wanted to found a school: that would mean a lot of people proclaiming such mistaken notions as that Whitehead had "proved" the universe to be a living organism. His influence, however, ought to be increased. Though Whitehead was born in 1861, his central concepts of novelty and adventure are more appropriate to our time than they would have been to that stable society which lived without surprises in a well-understood universe. ("The art of persistence," he said, "is to be dead.") And I do not know where we shall find a better balanced intellect, or a less dogmatic one.

I have space to suggest only one of the many possible fields in which Whitehead's work might be put to fruitful use. Freud took classical physics for his model; Whitehead was its great philosophical critic. Although Whitehead himself paid no attention to psychoanalysis, students of the human mind will find in this anthology (and in Part III of his "Process and Reality") promising ideas about those aspects of human experience over which Freud, disposed by the science of his time to view the mind as a mechanism oriented toward a tensionless state, rode roughshod. The theorist who gets a good hold on the ideas of both men will be in a position to do something for the psychology of personality.

Whitehead's analysis of human experience (and of all types of natural process) was through and through teleological, and he set it in a theistic context. Thus favorable reception by scientists was doubly handicapped. But Whitehead's teleology is not to be identified with any of those naive philosophies of purposiveness which scientists have rightly avoided. And they can leave Whitehead's theism to others.

His theology, however, was an original achievement, one which might also appear to many agnostically inclined individuals as more acceptable than any other theology. And an essential part of it—Whitehead's interpretation of the kingdom of heaven—is not represented in this anthology. That is the single grave omission which it makes.

For the rest it is, I feel an anthology of which Whitehead himself would have approved. It consists of the most essential chapters from his books (preceded by the important Royal Society memoir of 1905). No part of his "Treatise on Universal Algebra," or of the great "Principia Mathematica" which he wrote with his former pupil, Bertrand Russell, could be included; but it is a mistake to think that you must begin Whitehead with the "Principia" or understand none of him; and his own summary of its significance may be found in the selection from his "Aims of Education." There are two hundred pages from the three books Whitehead devoted to the theory of space, time, and relativity; these express some too-neglected ideas. The last three-fifths of the anthology exhibit the philosophy Whitehead wrote in America. The whole adds up to an ample presentation of a unique scientific and philosophic mind.

The work of Professors Northrop and Gross has been one of selecting rather than editing. They have taken the bare minimum of space for themselves: only indispensable one-page introductions to each of the books selected from, and a "Note on Whitehead's Terminology," both by Professor Gross. All but fourteen of the 928 pages are Whitehead's. For this welcome departure from the usual practice of anthologists, congratulations!

—Richard Carver Wood.

Whitehead—"no disembodied intellect."

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Whither Human Destiny?

"The Measure of Man," by Joseph Wood Krutch *(Bobbs-Merrill. 261 pp. $3.50), continues the quest its author began in "The Modern Temper" (1929) to discover whither modern science is hurrying us. Below it is reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University, author of "Ideas in America" and other books.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

ONE of the endearing characteristics of the Victorians was that this or that writer—Tennyson, Carlyle, Arnold are examples—sought to "Speak for the age." The phrase meant both that the writer assumed responsibility for society by virtue of his power of expressing and persuading others, and that the discharge of this responsibility meant he was to lay hands on ideas too technical, complicated, or remote for the common reader and, by explaining and simplifying, show the common reader how these ideas affected him. Mill's "On Liberty" is a case in point. In France a great publicist like Voltaire, in America, on another level, Mr. Dooley and Will Rogers accepted similar responsibilities.

It is the honorable intent of Joseph Wood Krutch to do what he can in this particular. In 1929 he published "The Modern Temper," a disturbing, powerful book which argued that the development of science had robbed tragedy of dignity, love of meaning, and man of importance. Twenty years later, in "The Twelve Seasons," he restored some measure of dignity to man by meditating upon man's relation to wild nature. In " 'Modernism' in Modern Drama" (1953) he studied the tendency in modern drama "to undermine the foundations of post-Renaissance civilization." Now in "The Measure of Man," in part a palinode to, and in part an extension of, "The Modern Temper," he seeks to determine whither the somewhat confused state of modern science and applied science is hurrying us. He would be the first to say he is no Voltaire, but his book springs from a conscious assumption of the responsibility of the writer to culture, exemplified in Voltaire, in Arnold, in Will Rogers, and their kind. Mr. Krutch passionately

Joseph Wood Krutch—"able publicist."

desires that the common man shall comprehend what his "leaders" are doing to him.

What is going on around the common man, he says, springs from a misunderstanding and misapplication of a theory of science already obsolescent. In the social sciences, in education, in much recent writing, man is treated as if he were a fully conditioned being, like a bug; that is, not only is he the creation of determinism, he is also manipulated, or threatens to be manipulated in the mass, for good or ill by persons who in the name of "science" want to create a convenient psychological slavery or an upside-down utopia. But the premise in question, says our author, has already been abandoned by scientists who have passed beyond the simpleminded assumption of the sociologists and the students of psychology.

The principle of indeterminism in physics is tantamount to the admission that the universe must be constructed on patterns man is incapable of understanding. The implication is, further, that, as Karl Pearson put it half a century or so ago, "an individual is free, but the group of which he is a part is not." Says Mr. Krutch:

> If this really is true, it means for the individual at least something. It means that so far as his personal conduct and his personal life are concerned, he may really and effectively behave as though he were endowed with free will; that in fact, as an individual, he is. It relieves him of the kind of despair which settles on many men when they accept what they have been increasingly taught, namely that they are simply the product of their time and their circumstances.

If the inference is not revolutionary in philosophy, it is important for the common man in the Jeffersonian republic.

The true knowledge of man is not, then, sociology, nor educational theory, nor anthropometry, nor a dozen other branches of science in which quantitative appraisal is mistaken for qualitative judgment. The true knowledge of man, says Mr. Krutch, is found now as always in the universe of "Moral Discourse" furnished by humanistic tradition.

For many readers this will be both a lame and impotent, and a trite, conclusion. "Moral Discourse," says one sort of scientist, has got us nowhere; "Moral Discourse," says another type of practical man, is all very well in its way, but we live in the world of the Republican Administration and the hydrogen bomb; "Moral Discourse," say the great foundations in fact, is of so little value, we prefer to pour our wealth into the "behavioral sciences," not into the humanities.

AND, unfortunately, Mr. Krutch trails off into rhetoric precisely where he should be both specific and firm. He measures contemporary literature by "Moral Discourse" and finds that literature not only petty but committed to the same false premise as the behavioral sciences. But this is about as far as he gets.

Possibly Mr. Krutch plans to expand and specify in some subsequent volume. Few among good scientists but will wish him well. Few among social scientists but share his abhorrence for a future that will be merely of "a dull and even hideous efficiency." Everybody agrees that the humanities are a Good Thing. But the difficulty about a Good Thing is that nobody knows what to do with it. Nor, I sorrowfully state, does Mr. Krutch. He does not make it clear how "Moral Discourse" is to be brought to bear upon the human predicament in America in 1954. His jeremiad is cogently argued, but his book of revelations is not an apocalypse. He reestablishes freedom of the will, but he does not reestablish the republic of letters. Modern writers are to repent—but who is to persuade them to penance, and how is their penance to be, as we quaintly say, implemented? Until these natural questions receive some clarifying answer, Mr. Krutch, able publicist though he is, remains a publicist for negative purposes only. I hope he will go on, however, and take the humanities out of the cloud of rhetoric that now envelopes them.

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The Saturday Review

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Our Times and the *Mercury*

THIS year marks the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of *The American Mercury* by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, editors, and Alfred A. Knopf, publisher.

In the first issue the new editors made it clear that their business was to deal with America as it was, not as it was supposed to be. The American people, they wrote, "entertain themselves with a vast number of ideas and enterprises, many of them of unprecedented and astounding nature . . . Our annual production of messiahs is greater than that of all Asia. A single session of Congress produces more utopian legislation than Europe has seen since the first meeting of the *witenagemot*. To explore the great complex of inspirations, to isolate the individual prophets from the herd and examine their proposals, to follow the ponderous evolution of the mass mind —in brief, to attempt a realistic presentation of the whole gaudy, gorgeous American scene—this will be the principle enterprise of *The American Mercury*."

Characteristically, the lead article of the first issue was a debunking piece about Lincoln which denounced as pure myth the popular image of Lincoln as a man of humble and obscure origins, asserting that he came from a background of substance and prominence. As a war leader and administrator, Lincoln was far from the superman pictured in the history books, the article declared. In fact, the *Mercury* said that if the North had lost at Gettysburg "Lincoln would be remembered today as Hamlet is."

In the first issue appeared a department that was to gain international fame, or at least notoriety. Titled "Americana," it reported various items under the names of the states, with only a laconic line or two of comment, as for example:—

ILLINOIS—*Making the bride an honest woman in Chicago, as described by the local newspapers:*

> The Chicago meatpacking industry and University of Chicago, long rival attractions shown to visitors as examples of the city's industrial and cultural activities, are to be united. Meatpacking is to take its place in the curriculum of the University, along with Latin, economics, psychology, and the rest.

MISSOURI—*Calling out the* Landsturm *against the devil in Kansas City, as reported by the United Press:*

> A world's record for Bible class attendance was set here yesterday by the men's class at the First Baptist Church, when 17,833 men jammed Convention Hall. The Baptist Church here is in a contest with a businessmen's class in Long Beach, California. The Long Beach class, according to messages received here, had 9,756 yesterday.

VIRGINIA—*Examples of neo-Confederate English from examination papers submitted by Virginia schoolteachers attending the summer school at the University of Virginia:*

> He run me down the street, but it was too late to cought him . . .
>
> I like James Witcomb Rily because he is not dead, and writes poems in the papers that one can see all right . . .
>
> The flames shot into the sky a few foot above the house . . .

It must not be supposed that the entire issue consisted of nothing but deflationary devices for the stuffed shirts of the pompous and pious. The *Mercury* was nothing if not elegant in its literary attire: four poems by Theodore Dreiser; an article by Ernest Boyd on intellectualism in the mid-Twenties; an evaluation of Stephen Crane by Carl Van Doren; a short story by Ruth Suckow; a fresh appraisal of James Gibbon Huneker by James Gibbon Huneker; a still-pertinent and highly timely article, "The Communist Hoax," by James Oneal; and a wideranging book-review department with Mr. Mencken sitting in total judgment on books dealing with history, music, economics, anthropology, and Constitutional law.

In all, a magazine with a high literary shine for the literarily fastidious; but a magazine, basically, that was out to raise welts on the seemingly silken skin of the age—which it did with cool precision and warm effect.

The questions naturally arise: what happened to the old *Mercury*? Why couldn't it sustain itself in its original mold? The reason these questions cannot be completely answered is because of the economics of magazine publishing. Keeping a serious magazine alive at any time is a feat comparable to brain surgery in the dark; but to do it during hard times calls for the ministrations of angels—literally.

But a small part, at least, of the answer may have rested with the *Mercury* itself. There was something wrong with its basic diagnosis. America was not the home of the fools and the land of the boobs they thought it was. There was plenty of surface stuff that made us look silly, but there was also solid stuff far more significant that had to be recognized. The items that appeared in the *Mercury*'s Americana were part of the froth and not of the essence. The self-anointed among the pious were easy marks, but that didn't mean that all those who had faith had been taken in by religious clowns. The pulsebeat of historical America failed to come through in the *Mercury*. In debunking the national heroes the *Mercury* was obviously seeking a shock-effect, but beyond the shock itself the *Mercury* had nothing to offer. It had disdain for the do-gooder, but it never recognized that the American community could not exist without him. The *Mercury* was brilliant, but it was cold. It would have been fine for a static civilzation; but the world that lay just ahead was one of movement, upheavals, and ideas. To be totally without respect for the mechanism of hope in man as were the editors of the *Mercury* was to live in the wrong century. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PLAN FOR PUBLISHING POETRY

THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS is extending an invitation to all publishers of books of poetry to participate in a new and unusual project which it is sponsoring "for the discovery and encouragement of new poetic genius." Its plan is as follows:

Each publisher may submit one unpublished manuscript in a contest for the publication of a book of poetry to be designated as "The Lamont Poetry Selection."

The manuscripts must be of original poetry in English by a living American poet and should not exceed average poetry-book length. Preference will be given in the following order: one, to poets who have never had a book published; secondly, to those with not more than one, or at most two, published books of poetry.

The Academy of American Poets agrees to purchase for distribution to its membership one thousand copies of the published winning manuscript at a 40 per cent discount from the retail price, but not exceeding $1.50 per copy or $1,500 in the aggregate.

The publisher agrees to publish the winning manuscript within fifteen months after the announcement of the judge's decision, and to pay to the author a royalty of not less than 10 per cent of the retail price, with an immediate advance of such royalty on the 1,000 copies purchased by the Academy. References in the published book, or on the jacket, to the Academy, the contest, or the Lamont Poetry Selection must be approved by the Academy.

The closing date for the contest is July 1, 1954, and publishers should mail or deliver manuscripts to The Academy of American Poets, Inc., 1030 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y., on or prior to such date, together with the entry blank. The Academy will make every effort to expedite the decision of the judges and hopes that it will be rendered by October 1. A panel of judges has been selected consisting of Louise Bogan, Rolfe Humphries, Randall Jarrell, May Sarton, and Mark Van Doren.

The Academy assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts but will return all manuscripts promptly, providing a proper return envelope and postage is enclosed by the sender.

Any entry not complying with the above rules will be automatically excluded from the contest.

MARIE BULLOCK,
President.

New York, N. Y.

LIVABLE LIBRARY

OVER A YEAR AGO I sent a plea to *SR* for help in arranging my library, which had gotten out of hand.

The letter was published [*SR* Dec. 27, 1952] and readers responded generously. Unfortunately, most of the suggestions involved complicated indexing systems.

"Men—may I have a few moments of your time?"

As my library is my recreation, these did not appeal to me, especially since my work involves gigantic indexes containing millions of names.

However, the Editor suggested culling my library and giving away volumes I did not expect to read again, a suggestion spurned by several who wrote me.

Finding an outlet for this overflow was a problem until I heard from a professor in a nearby small college. The Drama Department accepted my collection of plays. Other departments and the college library took several hundred more.

Throughout the year I have been scattering books across the land—to students I learn of, even to our own plant library, which could use the fiction.

The result: my library is now in almost livable proportions and I have enjoyed this year beyond any other in my life.

ROBERT E. BARCLAY.

Kansas City, Mo.

ROUNDING UP THE BOOKS

SR READERS, WHETHER THEY are book creditors or book debtors, should be sympathetic to the following editorial, which was published recently in the *Twin City Sentinel*, Winston-Salem, N. C.

> "Bring Back the Books" is herewith suggested as a slogan for an annual campaign of one week to round up all the books we have borrowed and return them to the lender. It's also the week to get back all the books we have loaned.
>
> Perhaps we already have too many "weeks" to observe. A Return-the-Books-Week could, however, be a real boon to harassed mankind. It would relieve anxiety, lower high blood pressure, patch up broken friendships, cure stomach ulcers, and thus permit book owners to live to a ripe old age.
>
> Many book lenders are reluctant to ask for their property. They may have practically forced the book on the borrower. Proud of it, they wanted to share it with their guest or friend. The borrower, unwillingly (but not wishing to be ungrateful) probably mumbled something admiringly about the book and promised to return it as soon as he had read it, probably within a week or two. Since the lender has thrust the book upon the borrower, it's a little awkward to launch a campaign to get it back.
>
> A "Bring Back the Books" drive will solve this problem. Local, state, and national committees could be formed, to do the following things:
>
> 1. Have the President proclaim Return-the-Books-Week, and be photographed returning a volume he has borrowed. The same with Governors and Mayors.
> 2. Encourage every household to take inventory of its book shelves and return all books to the owners.
> 3. Send announcements cards to persons who have your books, asking them in a nice way to bring back your books. Name the title and the date it was borrowed. The sting of the request will be minimized because everyone will be doing it.
> 4. Appoint a "Miss Bring-Back-the-Books" dressed in some spectacular, preferably abbreviated, attire designed to represent some book.
>
> Nothing but good (and a lot of books) would come, we believe, from such an effort.

GEORGE LARAMIE.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

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What Type American Are You?

It takes a lot of different types of people to make America what it is. And it takes different types of blood to make a blood bank . . . each as important as the other . . . each needed desperately.

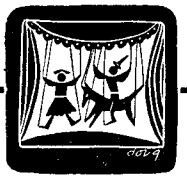
Before the next 60 seconds have ticked away, four Americans will need blood to save their lives.

Give blood today . . . and save a life tomorrow!

the blood you give helps someone live!

GIVE BLOOD NOW

NATIONAL BLOOD PROGRAM



BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The 7½ Cent Opera

WHEN "The Pajama Game" was announced for production many theatregoers envisaged a "The Fifth Season" set to music. While that might have succeeded, too, what this new musical turns out to be is a great deal more. George Abbott and Richard Bissell have managed to avoid the danger of merely making "The Pajama Game" a bottomless extravaganza for visiting buyers. They have somehow preserved in less harsh form the attitude of Mr. Bissell's 1953 Book-of-the-Month Club novel, "7½ Cents."

The novel concerns Sid Sorokin, a pajama factory superintendent who finds his love life complicated by a labor dispute. While Mr. Sorokin, the son of an immigrant steel worker, is sympathetic to the wage earners' problems, he nevertheless finds much to ridicule in current union practices. The worker's position is described by Sid in one vituperative speech which he thinks rather than delivers. "You stupid females, you lousy old bums, there is hardly an operator among you. You are lazy and whining all the time and your work is rotten—you are skip-stitching, leaving seams open, leaving raw edges, mixing colors, getting oil on garments, twisting fronts, ruining collars, spoiling buttonholes, breaking needles—you are a disgrace to a sewing room and yet you are hollering for more money, you ignorant busted-down bums. What you ought to get is a *cut* not an increase."

On the other hand, he has no sympathy for management as represented by Mr. Hasler, a small-minded ignoramus whose twin idols are Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Senator Hickenlooper. Mr. Hasler even worries about the union's Pepsi-Cola machine running on the company's electricity. Near the end of the novel he is advised to "get over the idea of saving the entire garment industry from the bloodthirsty unions, which is like trying to push the Stevens Hotel down with a Model A Ford, and concentrate on increasing production and lowering costs of manufacture like his competitors are doing."

In the novel, Sid finally resigns, marries his slightly tough but gorgeous redhead, and leaves Junction City, Iowa, to take a skilled labor job in Chicago, where his friends are and where one can "watch the Cubs fighting for cellar position." As he puts it, "Superintendents are 'hired help' in all except the family type of business, where you might find some brother-in-law, or some son who can't understand a Dun report or sell the line or wrap packages, holding down the job. Most superintendents are wise guys who have come up the hard way from the cutting room, but who have outsmarted themselves by knowing so much about piece rates and seam construction and all the rest of the production mysteries that in Management's mind they have reached the peak of their usefulness. They think that someday they are going to get out of the dugout and be sent to play third-base position on the Board of Directors, but this never happens. They are just hired help like the machinist and if they get sore and want some stock why they are told that superintendents are two for a quarter and if they are unsatisfied they better look for something else. So they move over to another plant and go through it all over again until one day they are attractively displayed in the latest model casket with three handles on each side and the floral offering from the firm is viewed and discussed by all the visitors and they still haven't even got one share of stock."

"The Pajama Game" does not retain very much of these specific remarks, or anything about the drunken and unsatisfactory week-end Sid spends with the nymphomaniac daughter of Junction City's first family, or the comparison of his own position with that of a school friend who has gone on to achieve fame as a second-rate night-club performer, and with another who has won second prize at the Chicago Art Institute. Nevertheless, this pruning brings the main plot admirably to terms with the Broadway musical show form and takes away not too much of the novel's flavor. In addition, the writers have worked up a fine subplot that is in the same hard-boiled spirit of the original. The score by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross has variety and is highly performable. "Her Is," a number that would be nauseously cute under ordinary circumstances, becomes excellent satire when sung by a diminutive union leader to a large dumpy amazon. "Think of the Time I Save" is modern-dress Gil-

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bert and Sullivan: "I'll Never Be Jealous Again," sung by a man who is as hotly jealous as Othello, is drollery of the first water; and "There Once Was a Man" is as unusual a love duet as "Hey There" is a soliloquy. The latter is pepped up by the use of a dictaphone which allows the singer to answer his own voice.

Bob Fosse, an exciting young newcomer, has staged the dances with refreshing originality. His "Steam Heat" is a laconic derby-hatted interlude that stops the show. George Abbott and Jerome Robbins have handled the staging in a sound yet enterprising manner, and their casting makes "The Pajama Game" the best performed musical on Broadway.

Eddie Foy, Jr., falls off-balance in and out of the various scenes to make cynical and relaxed comment on the proceedings. Poking fun at current musical-comedy practice, he calls the audience's attention to the symbolism. "This takes the sting out of the smutty part that comes later," he quips in a fashion that keeps the spectator's defenses down for the rest of the show. As the other half of the subplot, Carol Haney, a tall googly eyed mixture of Imogene Coca and Carol Channing, rates as the new personality sensation of the season. Like Gwen Verdon of last year, Miss Haney is a dancer who has been kicking around for quite a while. But since dancers keep on practising when not engaged, apparently they are in a better position than actresses to capitalize on a good role when it comes along.

Strong-voiced John Raitt is an extremely virile Sid Sorokin, though casting him in this role may have made "The Pajama Game" a bit more of an Horatio Alger story than its authors intended. Janis Paige is just right as Babe Williams, who knows what she wants, weighs all the factors, and is basic enough to remove her dress while making Sid a Western sandwich. Stanley Prager is a fortunate choice as the vociferous and plebeian union president; so is Ralph Dunn as the die-hard manager. Reta Shaw and Rae Allen are more than ample as two coy battle-axes.

Lemuel Ayers's scenery has many virtues, but this talented scene designer still persists in trying to combine colors and elements that don't mix well with each other. While his factory interiors catch the drab flavor of a pajama plant, one wonders if in a musical comedy it would not be better for the settings to be more fanciful and rich. After all, as one of the songs suggests, 7½ cents may not be very much, but when multiplied by days, hours, weeks, and years it seems a bonanza.

"The Pajama Game" seems a bonanza, too, for here at last is a musical comedy that treats of life as the unmannerly thing it in large part is, and from its formless anguish derives essences that fit into a well-patterned and enormously entertaining evening.

—Henry Hewes.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY, SORT OF

W. A. Craick of Toronto, Ontario, offers (Column 1) titles of 16 works of fiction which are confined to their heroines' first name. You are asked to check, in Column 2, each heroine's maiden surname, and, in Column 3, her married designation. While you are about it, identify the authors. If, of the 48 pieces of information sought, you supply 36, you should be happy without being content. Anything above that should add to your happiness. Answers on page 38.

1. "Amelia."	( ) Woodhouse	( ) Mrs. Mortimer Delvile.
2. "Catriona."	( ) Gerard	( ) Mrs. John Stanway.
3. "Cecilia."	( ) Keeldar	( ) Mrs. George Knightley.
4. "Clarissa."	( ) Andrews	( ) Lady Orville.
5. "Claudia."	( ) O'Ferrall	( ) Mrs. B.....
6. Désirée."	( ) de'Bardi	( ) Countess of Marney
7. "Emma."	( ) Beverley	( ) Mrs. Robert Lovelace.
8. "Evelina."	( ) Knight	( ) Mrs. David Balfour.
9. "Leonora."	( ) Drummond	( ) Mrs. Booth.
10. "Pamela."	( ) Harris	( ) Madame Svengali.
11. "Ramona."	( ) Maitland	( ) Lady Coke.
12. "Romola."	( ) Phail	( ) Madame Bernadotte.
13. "Shirley."	( ) Harlowe	( ) Mrs. David Naughton.
14. "Sophia."	( ) Brown	( ) Mrs. Gerard Moore.
15. "Sybil."	( ) Belmont	( ) Senora Felipe Moreno.
16. "Trilby."	( ) Clary	( ) Mrs. Tito Melema.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Miss Keller for Posterity

THE new film about the life of Helen Keller is not only a shattering emotional experience, it also happens to be a bright new use of the documentary in creating a picture biography. Biography on film is not, of course, a new idea, but I suspect that the documentary biography is. This is a far different kettle of fish from the fictionalized life stories of Hollywood or the spliced-together obit of library clips prepared by the newsreels whenever some king or politico is removed to his reward.

In **"The Unconquered,"** the part of Helen Keller is played by Helen Keller, a fairly startling notion to begin with. Of the picture's sixty-seven minutes, about half is supplied by old photographs, magazine articles, films from newsreel libraries and other archives; the remainder consists of footage taken at Miss Keller's home in Arcon Ridge, Connecticut, and in New York City during Miss Keller's occasional trips to town. Against this material is heard a narration written by James Shute and spoken with crisp dignity by Katharine Cornell. As a production, the film is far from slick. Although Miss Keller participates freely and joyously in the staged footage, there is an occasional hint of self-consciousness among the assisting characters. Within its small compass, however, "The Unconquered" is a powerfully interesting piece of work, and there are sections that are unforgettable.

The most astonishing and affecting portion of the film is contained in an early section which recounts the blind and deaf girl's struggles to achieve speech. Deprived of sight and hearing by an affliction at the age of eighteen months, Helen Keller was seemingly locked for life within a narrow prison until she had the good fortune to meet Annie Sullivan, a remarkable woman and a still more remarkable teacher. The old photographs are charmingly evocative as they show Helen and Annie Sullivan—in white shirtwaists, long skirts, and bird-nest hair-dos—arranged in conventional attitudes upon the school lawn. The memorabilia pop onto the screen, each charged with emotion as relics upon a battlefield. There is Mr. Macy, later Annie Sullivan's husband, wearing a straw hat and looking like a character out of Renoir's boating party. There are the books which Helen Keller learned to read in their original languages—Aeschylus, Voltaire, Goethe. There, incredibly, is a program from the Palace Theatre, where Helen Keller and her teacher are listed on the bill below the tramp acts, the jugglers, and the sketch comics, for there was a time when Helen Keller earned her living by trouping up and down the land in vaudeville.

Helen Keller "wit and energy."

Fortunately, a portion of that vaudeville act is preserved on sound film in good condition. It is perhaps the most moving piece of celluloid ever clicked through a projector. In it, Annie Sullivan Macy, now become well-fleshed, slightly dowdy, but cheerful and interested, tells the story of how she taught Helen Keller to talk. Helen sits beside her like a tense automaton, acting it out as the story is told. At the end she speaks her first complete sentence in that toneless, bird-shrill voice: "I am not dumb now."

As compared with the drama of that speech-learning episode, much of the film is a placid account of Helen Keller's present daily routine, but there are scenes that stay in the memory—Helen Keller does the dishes with her present companion, Polly Thomson, and her hand strays to a nearby table radio and moves with the beat of the music; she "sees" a statue with her hands, and it is interesting to note how lightly her fingers dance over the surface; she goes to France for ceremonies honoring Louis Braille, and we see the strange parade of the blind stumbling through the streets to the Panthéon to pay tribute to the man who gave them access to the written word; she fingers her Braille Bible long after her bedtime, keeping the book beneath the blankets to deceive her alert companion; she goes to Martha Graham's studio and apes the movements of the lithe dancing girls with her own heavy-boned body; she walks along a thousand-foot handrail near her home, encounters a tree branch fallen across the path, and with antlike patience muscles it out of her way.

Out of this emerges the portrait of a woman of wit and intelligence, and with energy sufficiently great to burst the bounds of the most stringent confinement that can be laid upon a human being. Nancy Hamilton and the group who produced the picture with her were obviously concerned with creating a monument to a woman they regard as a living saint, but at the same time they have made a stimulating use of the documentary. If this can be done for Helen Keller, why not for Albert Einstein, Toscanini, Frank Lloyd Wright?

* * *

I have to report to the French Surété that there is a spy and a wrecker operating in the native movie industry. How to substantiate this statement so astonishing? Well, first, it is well known that amour is the principal commodity for export of the French cinema. Second, amour (and its commercially important by-product, illicit amour) must invariably be treated by French movie-makers as a kind of super-deluxe Scrabble, an enchanting game made even more suitable for sociable evenings by the fact that any number can play. Good. Now, there comes to these shores a film entitled **"The Four Intimate Passions."** The name is clearly French; the star is Vivian Romance. We are ready to pass it through customs. But halt! We discover that the illicit amour of this film is a soggy affair, a non-rising soufflé. We see that it is a business of tears, grim accusations, falsely fathered children, brutality, murder, and—most distressing—Vivian Romance at the Palais de Justice in a gray wig and a black dress suitable only for riding broomsticks. The result is not only depressing in the extreme, it is, you will agree, a threat to the entire economy of our ally across the sea.

Gentlemen of the Surété, you will know what to do. Drive out this individual of a movie-maker. Seize at once the gray wig of Vivian Romance. Disinfect the studio. Begin anew. Your efforts will be more than adequate thanks for the small contributions of your friend, —LEE ROGOW.

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TV AND RADIO

The Writers

I HAVE just returned from Hollywood, the land of culture and sunshine. Unfortunately, neither showed up during my brief stay, but I did manage to get invited to a lavish Hollywood party. You'll pardon my seeming name-dropping, but among the guests with whom I mingled were such television celebrities as—to name a few—Sid Dorfman, Phil Sharp, Ben Brady, Charles Isaacs, and Jay Burton.

If you don't seem impressed it's because you don't understand the party system in Hollywood. The importance of a shindig there is indicated alphabetically, depending on the social scale of the guests. In the movie colony an A-party would include Joan Crawford, a B-party Broderick Crawford, and so on. The party I went to was for television writers, and the Phoenicians would have to come up with a twenty-seventh letter to indicate the esteem in which television writers are held in the West Coast metropolis.

Perhaps if I substituted for the above names of the guests at the party I attended the names of the TV stars whom these gentlemen make articulate for their vast audiences every week—Burns and Allen, Joan Davis, Red Skelton, Jimmy Durante, Milton Berle—I might then impress a reader or two. But not anybody very much in the television business on the West Coast.

For the most part, television writers, especially the comedy writers, are considered a necessary but evil part of the TV setup. It would be so much cozier if a plan could be devised whereby a big star and his directors and producers and assorted supporting players didn't have to wait around every week till a couple of writers brought some pages of stuff up out of a typewriter and set the wheel of production in motion. So far no substitute has been discovered for the written adlib, so comedy writers have to be tolerated as part of the medium.

A comedy writer is two fellows who have so many personal problems at home it isn't even funny. Because they are at the beck and call of their stars they have no regular hours, except that one they buy three or four days a week at twenty-five dollars a visit. Around the television studios they are seen wandering nervously around the dark recesses of the rehearsals, busily engaged in identifying themselves to the studio guards and page boys.

There are some big TV stars who never speak to their writers, some who rarely see them, some who resent the fact that they depend on writers to be witty, knowing deep in their hearts they could be much more clever about it if only they had the time to get it down on paper. In fairness, I hasten to add that there are a few stars—mostly the old-timers who got used to writers in vaudeville and night clubs—who do not share this attitude entirely. They only feel they could write the stuff if they had the time to get it down on paper. But they do speak to their writers. Very often, kindly.

BEING a writer I probably sound bitter. If I am, a Hollywood experience made it so. It happened on a parking lot which NBC has adjoining its studios at Sunset and Vine. An office had been assigned to me across the street from the lot, and since the show I was going to write for was an NBC show I thought it might be reasonable that we might park our car in this handsome parking lot. I was never wronger.

The park attendant informed me that there were only two spaces assigned to every television show. Those two spaces were for the star of the show and for the producer.

Even that seemed a little reasonable, since writers should walk to work anyway. But the star of the show I was writing for and the producer were both attending rehearsals daily in Burbank, California, where NBC's big, beautiful studios are located. It didn't seem logical that my star and producer would park in Hollywood and walk to Burbank, so I decided to make a *cause célèbre* out of the situation—to fight the good fight for writers.

It took only two days of telephoning, talking with secretaries, being shunted off to a Mr. Cleaver, a Mr. Risk, and a Mr. Schutz, and finally the word must have gone down to the parking lot. Because the next day, as I drove in, the parking attendant saluted. I had struck a blow for writer recognition. The attendant pointed a friendly finger to an empty space.

"That's your space," he called out. "Drive it right in there, Mr. Goodman."

—GOODMAN ACE.

In this age of the common man, is our culture becoming common too?

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Spring Crop of New Operas

EVERY spring the downtown listeners journey uptown to Brander Matthews Hall adjacent to the Columbia University campus hopeful that this year's venture of the Opera Workshop directed by Felix Brentano will bring forth something to match the qualities of Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Medium" or Virgil Thomson's "The Mother of Us All," which were first seen in the same place. The current coupling of short works by Lehmann Engel ("Malady of Love") and Jack Beeson ("Hello Out There") didn't come up to that memorable standard, but they made a more interesting evening than others in recent years.

The more professional of the two—Engel's setting of a text by Lewis Allan—was also the less ambitious, but, in terms of objective, the more successful. It is a kind of extended revue sketch, in which a moody young psychiatrist finds himself charmed by a patient, also young and pretty. Together they find the answer for what ails them, individually and collectively, with a final curtain embrace. A couple of dancers figure in the fantasy, also some highly palpable dreams.

What distinguishes this effort from others in a comparable vein are Allan's brisk, well-worded text and Engel's advantageous use of its humorous possibilities. I wouldn't want to overstress the substance of the total, but fun is fun, and this has a reasonable and literate (both in words and music) quantity of it. There was more noise out of the orchestra directed by Willard Rhodes than the composer possibly intended, but Warren Galjour was a believable baritone of a Dr. Stanley Barlow, as Ruth Fleming was a blondly vivacious soprano of an Emily Brown. Patricia Young and Charles Fatone were the dancing counterparts.

Beeson's musicalization of Saroyan's "Hello Out There" tells the story of a young gambler jailed in a small Texas town on a rape charge. It is an apt if novel subject for what is sometimes called the lyric stage, in which a budding romance with a young maid-of-all-work about the jail is cut short by a killing in hot blood of the accused by the husband of the rapee. The dramatic point is intensified by the husband's clear awareness that his wife is the guilty party, the man behind the bars a convenient target for his rage against her.

The play has a number of good elements for musical treatment, but also a deal of wordy repetition which made a rather leisurely thing of what should have been a steady march to a climax. A more experienced composer would have sensed that there was one curve to a climax in this situation and seen to it that the libretto didn't curl back on itself as this one does; but it may be said for Beeson that he has a real sense of musical theatre and a budding trend to individuality in his writing. Ralph Farnworth made an excellent impression as the gambler, and Stephanie Turash a persuasive one as the girl.

"Eastward in Eden," by Jan Meyerowitz, is a treatment of the play by Dorothy Gardner on the life of Emily Dickinson which was seen on Broadway half a dozen seasons ago. The musical version, which may or may not be called an opera, was produced locally for the first time by the Opera Department of the Mannes College of Music during the same May week, in the Hunter Playhouse. Whatever else it may be said to be, it was certainly a credit to the enterprise of this institution, and to its associated professional participants: Carl Bamberger, who conducted, Ralph Herbert, who directed the action, and Richard Rychtarik, who was described as "scenic advisor."

In undertaking to set a play more or less as it was written to be spoken, Meyerowitz has some distinguished predecessors—Debussy and Maeterlinck's "Pelléas" comes to mind at once, as well as Gruenberg and O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." The pertinent first question must, of necessity, be: Does the music further the dramatic purpose involved, or not? I was somewhat on the fence until the middle of Act II when Emily is presented to Dr. Charles Wadsworth, and hints at the kinship she felt in his sermon and her emotional reaction to him. At this point, Mr. Meyerowitz lapsed into silence and let the characters talk—she first, he a little later.

Here, it seemed to me, the whole premise bogged down—rather irretrievably. Does one set pages and pages of text only to let words take over at a climax? Perhaps this is a sound theory of theatrical effect; if so, I remain outside its orbit. Mr. Meyerowitz, as I said initially, has treated the subject soberly, earnestly, and with a good deal of musical resource that did not always come to life in the well-meaning but not wholly expert performance. Too often, however, the means were rather overpowering for the ends—as, for example, when Father Dickinson came unexpectedly upon his daughters dancing with their guests, to a Wotanish expostulation in the orchestra. I admire Mr. Meyerowitz for his choice of subject and the way he undertook to deal with it, but I don't think his sense of balance was operating to best advantage.

Among the performers, Bessie Mijanovich was outstanding for her sensitive suggestion of the Dickinson character, as Peyton Higgison was for his good-looking likeness of Dr. Charles Wadsworth. Mary Hensley made an attractive Lavinia Dickinson, also Lloyd Oostenburg as Ben Newton. The others were rather heavily burdened by the musical as well as the dramatic responsibilities involved. As the accomplishment of mostly nonprofessional personnel, however, it was decidedly creditable all along the line.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE *Marie Blizard* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Body in burned cottage gives newsgal plenty story. long motor trips.	Yarn has wild dénouement in Conn. hills; implausible but lively.	Has zip, movement
THE WHISTLING SHADOW *Mabel Seeley* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Minn. widow on spot wonders why; three deaths, one birth, precede solution.	Smooth job, as always, with some stretchers; cops won't like.	Saved by grace

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The Big Cookie

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

MA RAINEY, progenitor to Bessie Smith and an empress in her own right, became the first jazzman, or jazzwoman, to get around the three-to-five minute limits of the 78-rpm recording when she set down, in 1927, on two sides of a ten-inch disc, Parts I and II of a mournful tale called "The Blues the World Forgot." Another member of jazz royalty, Duke Ellington, went several steps further in 1931 by filling both sides of a twelve-inch record with his "Creole Rhapsody," and four years later added "Reminiscing in Tempo," a memorable set of variations that covered four ten-inch sides. Two years after that, Benny Goodman made perhaps the most famous of these early long-time efforts—a furious six-day bicycle race known as "Sing, Sing, Sing," which lasted for two sides of a twelve-inch disc.

Over the next sixteen years, Ellington, Basie, T. Dorsey, Shaw, Lunceford, Goodman, Teddy Wilson, and Eddie Condon, to name a few, continued making—when they were allowed — remarkably successful attempts to record in entirety what was in their minds, regardless of whether it took two ten-inch sides, or four twelve-inch sides of a 78 rpm. Then a year ago, the LP—already commercially five years old—was at last pressed into service toward these ends when a group of musicians were assembled in a studio and allowed to expand their thoughts uninterruptedly on one tune over the limits of one side. And, paradoxes being as plentiful as fission these days, it was not surprising to find that the dozens of musicians hustled off to studios since then to make long-time LP's should behave like a troupe of actors who, having put on an excellent dress rehearsal, step on stage opening night and suddenly forget all their lines. For to date, in comparison with the above pioneering works, most of these potentially revolutionary LP efforts have been sumptuous wastes of space.

The first long-time LP's were made in the early months of 1953 by a group of all-star musicians (Charlie Shavers, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Charlie Parker, Ben Webster, Flip Phillips, Oscar Peterson, Barney Kessel, Ray Brown, J. S. Heard) under the supervision of Norman Granz, the effluent jazz impresario. Two twelve-inch records were cut (Mercury 601, 602), one side of which was devoted to a pleasant but meaningless slow ballad medley, and the remaining three to seventeen-minute interpretations of a slow blues, a fast blues, and a well-worn standard. Scanty thought was given in them to any sort of ingenious or new musical frameworks, either in the ensembles, which are old, choppily executed riffs, or behind the endless series of solos, which are, with rare exceptions (Parker, Webster, Carter), windy and uninspired. In December, Granz released two more identically patterned twelve-inch LP's (Clef 4003, 4004), with another all-star personnel numbering Count Basie, Buddy de Franco, Harry Edison, Stan Getz, and Buddy Rich, on which there is the same general mood of iciness, lack of structure, and absence of intramural endeavor. All has not been haste and waste in the Granz camp, however. Recently, three ten-inch LP's (Norgran 2,3,7), with two or three tunes of varying lengths per side, and featuring, respectively, Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Getz, Buddy de Franco, and the tintinnabulous drumming of Louis Bellson, have shown, due to some preliminary thinking, creditable results, especially on the Gillespie-Getz LP, where Gillespie is full of astonishing and eloquent statements.

Shortly after Granz released his first long-time LP, George Avakian, East Coast head of popular recording at Columbia, made his first contribution—a rather puffy twelve-inch LP (Col 4369), "Ellington Uptown," which displays one original, an excerpt from a concert piece, and souped up versions of three of the Duke's old tunes. This was followed, toward the end of last summer, by a second twelve-inch record (Col 535) on which Avakian let Errol Garner, the Frank Lloyd Wright of modern pianists, loose with six minutes allotted to each selection. Garner has never made a better record, and he has made literally hundreds in the past ten years. Last month, Avakian, working with John Hammond, the veteran quickleg about the jazz scene, put out the first of several twelve inch LP's (Col 548) under the leadership of Buck Clayton, who is surrounded by ten other musicians, some of whom are Urbie Green, Joe Newman, Lem Davis, and Sir Charles Thompson. What emerges sounds like a couple of nicely extended Saturday evening romps by the old Basie band, and, all in all, makes up the smoothest long-time LP we have yet had. Each of the two numbers is carefully if skeletally arranged, down to such minor but essential embellishments as "organ" backgrounds behind soloists, the repetition—as a kind of re-launching technique—of the ensemble at strategic points throughout a side, and exciting use of the "chase" chorus.

DECCA, wild-eyed, has jumped to its feet in the past month with its first long-time LP, a twelve-inch disc titled "Jazz Studio I." There is one tune to a side, and the musicians include moderns like Newman, Paul Quinichette, Kenny Clarke, Benny Green, and Johnny Smith. Although it is as well built, the use of that old hat, double time, and some ragged solos make it slightly inferior to the Hammond-Avakian LP.

Finally, there are four ten-inch LP's (Prestige 143, 150, 164, 169) made at intervals during the past year by a handful of West Coast futurists (Shorty Rogers, Teddy Charles, Hall Overton, Shelley Manne), with two tunes per side, which are as remote from the rough-hewn Granz records as the H-Bomb is from the stone axe. Avowedly experiments in form, with the standard thirty-two bar chorus abandoned in favor of original and freer constructions, they are, as a result, sometimes musically halting and even occasionally incomprehensible. Nevertheless, there is enough accomplishment here to forcibly suggest that in the long run perhaps the LP's greater time limits may be most beneficial to this malleable type of jazz, and not to the necessarily rigid forms of dixieland, swing, bop, or their variants, as all of the aforementioned sides have been. If such be true, the LP will be tailored to fit the composition, and not the synthetic reverse, which has been predominantly the case in the past year. At any rate it has now been amply demonstrated that a jazz record, the all-but-forgotten listener willing, can be anywhere from three to twenty minutes in length—a state of affairs that might well have made the members of the Original Dixieland Jass Band stiff with fright.

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Recordings in Review

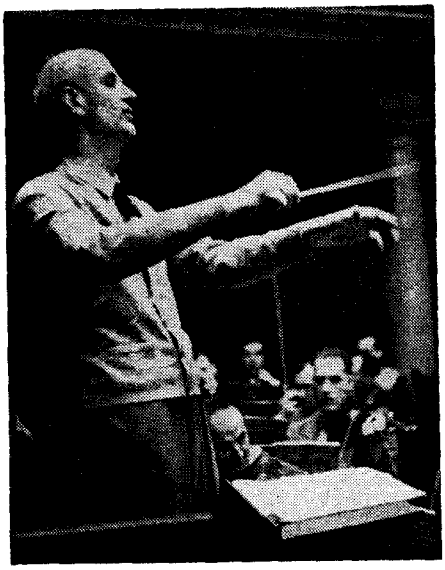
Enter Argenta

ALBENIZ: *"Iberia" (arr. by Arbós). Ataulfo Argenta conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.* (London LL 921, $5.95.)

ONE of the more acute needs of current recordom—a thoroughly qualified conductor for the Spanish repertory—is probably, if not positively, answered by the emergence of Ataulfo Argenta as a major artist in this disc. The slight fringe of hedging to the assertion has nothing to do with the qualities of these performances—which are, in a word, superb—but rather with the fact that "Spanish music" embraces a large area. When we see what Argenta (whose name, in the local fashion, should go Ar-HEN-ta) does with a little more, we shall know better where we stand.

The description of him as a "major artist" emerging on this disc has several background factors. Argenta's name has appeared on a scattering of records prior to this, most of them rather poorly reproduced by our standards. Hence, the impact of his personality, the driving force of his musicianship were somewhat blunted. Here we experience them in a recording of almost supersonic realism, and the final result is thoroughly vitalizing.

I am especially gratified by the way Argenta takes the slow sections, for only the best of local interpreters have the iron nerve and the steady musical pulse to let the melodies flow as sinuously as the composer wrote them. Most others lose courage and hurry them on, if only barely. Argenta's languor is never without point, his ease always muscular. I may add, too, that the colors and contrasts of the Arbós instrumentations have never seemed so right in other versions. One is almost persuaded that Ravel's frustrated plan to do this job would not have made for substantial improvement.



Wilhelm Furtwängler—"a kind of Leaning Tower of Paradox."

As bonus, the record provides an equally superior performance of the "Danzas Fantásticas" of Turina. These are far from unfamiliar on records, but Argenta's kind of tonal face-lifting makes them sound younger and more glamorous than they have for quite a while. What would, on some other labels, be a subject for excited pronouncements anent hi-fi is, for London, merely a continuation of leadership, a little brighter, a little richer than anything else being done by others.

Franck from Vienna

FRANCK: *Symphony in D minor. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.* (London LL 967, $5.95.) *The same. Willem van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic.* (Epic LC 3019, $5.95.)

AS A KIND of Leaning Tower of Paradox himself, it should not be too surprising to discover that Furtwängler has, for all his Teutonic predisposition, achieved the most impressive version of the Franck Symphony now on record. I hesitate to say that this has anything to do with the fact that Furtwängler undertook this project wilfully, in order to provide a legitimate competitor to the unauthorized version bearing his name which has been circulating for several years, but the end product is decidedly purposeful.

Something of its qualities should be detailed. It is composed, sustained, nonpolemical for the most part. It doesn't churn, neither does it agonize. Rather it takes the successive climaxes in waves of sound, building to a final engulfing one. Some of the accents are uncharacteristic, but they fall into a convincing pattern, as conveyed with warming artistry by the redoubtable orchestra. Both in quality of sound and the abundance of it, this is recording to make the ears glad.

Sound aplenty can also be heard in the new Epic version directed by Van Otterloo, but its quantity is more impressive than its quality. This conductor's fulfilment of the program which has been laid out for him attests to his musicianship and energy, but his straight, narrow path of rectitude entertains few digressions into musing, reflection, or poetizing.

At Home with Ponselle

GRUBER: *"Silent Night," etc. Rosa Ponselle, soprano, with Carmela Ponselle, mezzo, and others.* ($10, see below.)

IT IS not our custom to review records produced by no company and bearing no number, but if custom cannot be suspended on behalf of Rosa Ponselle, what is custom for anyway? This is a phonographic record of some festivities at the Ponselle "Villa Pace" as of Christmas 1953, noncommercially recorded, and submitted to the public with the proviso that any proceeds will be devoted to the Sustaining Fund of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra (orders for the record should be addressed to Rosa Ponselle, "Villa Pace," Stevenson, Md.).

Under the impromptu circumstances, any comment on the Ponselle voice in such seasonal—then, rather than now—offerings as "Silent Night," "Adeste Fideles," Bizet's "Agnus Dei," and Franck's "Panis Angelicus," among others, would be indecorous. However, it is proper to say that Miss Ponselle's expressive power is all that it ever was, whatever the shortness of her present range, and that when the phrases of Bizet soar toward an expressive climax she drives them forward with all the sustained push, the assured emotion of the great artist she is known to be.

June may not be the time to urge an addition to the disc library to be saved until December, but I am certain that Christmas '54 will be more meaningful for many if it is spent in company with the Ponselles. Allowing for the homey surroundings, the recording is successful.

Tchaikovsky by Beecham

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 2 ("Little Russian"). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic.* (Columbia ML 4872, $5.95.)

THE heading above would be a cause for pause—whether or not refreshing—did not one recall Beecham's identity with such untypical works of Tchaikovsky as the Third Symphony ("Polish," in Victor album M-1297), the buoyant waltz from "Eugene Onegin," and "Francesca da Rimini." There is, to be sure, also a version of the Symphony No. 5 (Columbia 470), but that is virtually in limbo now.

If Beecham's animated, well-paced

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performance contributes something to the increased popularity of this attractive work, it will give further luster to a record which has been singularly advantageous to the non-massive efforts of Goldmark, Bizet, Dvorak, Liszt, and Debussy, to name but a few. In this, as in those, he has set forth a powerful belief in the fundamental unity of an artist's career, whatever the form it might take in a given work.

Here we observe Tchaikovsky developing the mastery of folk materials which became so integral a part of the Fourth Symphony or the Piano Concerto that one accepts them as germinal rather than superimposed. The haunting slow movement is beautifully done by the excellent orchestra, and the reproduction is well adjusted to contemporary expectations. As much applies to the waltz from the "Nutcracker" ballet, which fills out the second side.

Igor Oistrakh, with Goossens—"an easy dexterity singularly Russian."

King David's Prince Igor

KHACHATURIAN: *Violin Concerto. Igor Oistrakh, violin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Eugene Goossens.* (Angel 35100. $5.95.)

IN SOME other circumstances, the legendary best violinist in the USSR might have said to the contender to the throne, as Caruso is reputed to have said when he first heard Gigli sing at the Metropolitan: "He might at least have waited until I died." However, since the crown prince is Igor Oistrakh, twenty-three-year-old son of the famous David, fatherly pride will doubtless salve whatever wounds are incurred in the duel of fiddle bows.

Prince Igor is, by any standards, a worthy offspring of King David—poised, succinct in his tonal focus, full of a cultivated sense of the niceties of drawing a long bow, violinistically, or detailing a melodic line. What he has, additionally, is a kind of easy dexterity, mated with a high-strung kind of forcefulness that is so singularly Russian—where the violin is concerned—that I can't remember having heard it from any newcomer since Milstein made his debut here, about 1929.

All that one can learn about young Oistrakh from his playing of Khachaturian is creditable—but that still leaves some areas unexplored, and some knowledge to be filled in. Let us hope that instead of surrounding the same Glazounov-Beethoven-Brahms repertory identified with his father, he give us more of the current Soviet output, or the Wieniawski-Vieuxtemps-Paganini literature, which he seems so well-equipped to handle. The collaboration with Goossens, enjoying a visit "home" from his present post in Sydney, is a happy one, the recorded sound as good as any we have had from England.

Clarinet by Kell

DEBUSSY: *"La Plus que lente," etc. Reginald Kell, clarinet, with orchestra conducted by Camarata.* (Decca DL 7550, $3.85.)

THE emphasis on length and breadth being what it is these LP days, it is refreshing to encounter—in whatever form—an impulse toward perfection in detail, mastery of the miniature, an ultimate realization of the non-ponderous. It would be more welcome still if Kell were working with materials created for the instrument he plays and a proper supporting ensemble, but the results being what they are, we may indulge the means.

This is not to indict, by inference, the excellent arrangements of the Debussy material by an unidentified scholar, for they are perceptive, tasteful, and wholly appropriate to the performers utilized. Kell sings the melodic lines persuasively, and the backgrounds are admirably provided by the Camarata-directed orchestra.

Side 2 is on the fey (or pixie) side, embracing such titles as "Dance of the Three Old Maids" (Reginald Porter Brown), "Ecstasy," "Pied Piper," and "Blue Haze" (Walter Mourant). To revert to the opening, it is refreshing to encounter—in whatever form—an impulse toward perfection in detail, mastery of the miniature, an ultimate realization of the non-ponderous. Excellent flavor of actuality in the recorded sound.

Delius in Paris

DELIUS: *"Paris," "In a Summer Garden," "Summer Night on the River." Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 923, $5.95.)

ONE of the reassuring aspects of English music-making is the continuity of impulse perceptible in its successive generation of conductors—the inclination to Russian music conveyed from Coates to Goossens to Lambert, the Schubertian sympathy of Harty, Barbirolli, and Goehr, the interest in Delius espoused by Beecham, endorsed—through part of his career—by Lambert, and now carried forward by Collins.

I am not too familiar with "Paris" (its phonographic history is limited to a single version, in a Society Set, directed by Beecham) but it strikes me that Collins's apt feeling for the text, and its glowing realization in the remarkably fine recording, do more for it than any performance I have heard previously. I join the elements of performance and reproduction for the simple reason that one without the other would not give us the experience here conveyed.

The other two works, though more familiar, are no less welcome in performances of this quality. Collins does not command quite the evocative power of Beecham, but this is highly qualified orchestral performance, superbly reproduced.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Plançon of Record

By GEORGE JELLINEK

SINGERS in the age of the phonograph are no longer surrounded by the halo of unchallenged immortality that adorned the legendary Rubinis, Linds, and Lablaches of bygone days. Instead, posterity judges them primarily on the strength of their recorded legacy—with all due respect to authoritative opinions of their own lifetime.

Around the turn of the century, the phonograph was hardly adequate for such an important role. It rendered a distinct disservice to the memory of Patti and Maurel, two shining lights of the phonographic stone age. And it failed to do full justice to Pol(ydor) Henri Plançon, one of the first vocal celebrities to achieve something resembling an adequate representation on records.

This great basso was born just 100 years ago, on June 12, 1854. The superlatives showered on him by critics and fellow artists of his day leave no doubt that he was an artist of the first rank. Plançon was not a creative genius of the operatic stage in the sense that Maurel or Chaliapin was. Nor was he virtually limitless in his versatility, like his lifelong friend Jean de Reszke. But within the confines of his artistic capabilities—which covered a substantial ground—he could not be surpassed.

First and foremost, Plançon was a master vocalist. Gifted with a voice of ample range and sonority, his command of it was unusual in the entire history of singing, and probably unmatched for the bass register. He was capable of trills, roulades, and scales that equaled the facilities of a coloratura soprano. As an actor he had his limitations. By nature elegant and blessed with a dignified, handsome appearance, he was happily cast in roles which did not clash with his own personality. Comic characterizations were outside his sphere. But whatever the temperamental demands of the role, the vocal mastery could be taken for granted.

How much of this artistry has been preserved for posterity? That Plançon was not treated kindly by the phonograph can be stated at the outset. Part of the blame rests with the artist himself. His choice of repertory for recording displays an obvious lack of planning. A discography painstakingly compiled by Mr. L. Hevingham Root (in a recent issue of *The Record Collector*) lists a total of sixty-nine Plançon records between 1901 and 1908. Among these, however, we find only forty different titles; the rest are duplications. It would be a mistake to infer from this that the singer's repertory was limited. On the contrary, Plançon, in his seventy-five operatic roles, covered the gamut from A ("Aïda") to Z ("Zauberflöte"). In addition to an exhaustive list of French parts, he was quite at home in Italian opera, and sang excellent Landgraves, Pogners, and King Henrys (in German). One would never guess this versatility from his records, where he sings nearly everything in French (including "The Two Grenadiers" and the bass aria from Haydn's "The Seasons"). Plançon also had a praiseworthy but exaggerated predilection for French religious songs and a flair for committing some of the dullest art songs to wax.

Technically, too, his records leave much to be desired. Voice and accompaniment are often out of balance. His early records are all piano accompanied (with the pianist hiding behind the benevolent and well-deserved cloak of anonymity), and recorded generally at 76 rpm. This information is not found on the label. Played back at 78 rpm, they create an unfaithful image of the voice, without its magnificent sonority and true bass quality. His later recordings had the orchestral accompaniment, and the uniformity of speed; unfortunately, they displayed a voice past its prime.

Any consideration of the Plançon discography has to face the stumbling block of availability. None of his records are easily accessible to the American collector. Plançon was one of the original Victor recording artists in 1903, and his discs enjoyed good sales until 1914, the year of his death. The Victor catalogue of that year listed eighteen single-face records, which dwindled to three double-face issues by 1925. From 1927 on his name disappeared from the domestic catalogue until the issue of Victor album M816 ("Voices of the Golden Age of Opera") in 1941. This contained a reissue of a famous Plançon specialty: the Tambour Major's Air from Thomas' "Le Caid." This record (No. 18143) should be in every connoisseur's collection, for it commemorates the artist at his spectacular best. Unfortunately, the album was destined for early deletion and this excerpt is very difficult to locate. Easier to find, though far less desirable, is RCA Victor 15-1007, a Heritage Series reissue of 1947. This presents a fine rendition of Sarastro's "Possenti Numi" ("O Isis und Osiris") from "The Magic Flute." The coupling is not "Qui sdegno" ("In diesen heil'gen Hallen"), which would have been the logical choice (it also happens to be one of the artist's best). Instead we have two short songs, the brevity of which is exceeded only by their total lack of interest.

—*Culver.*

Plançon in "Les Huguenots"—"the vocal mastery could be taken for granted."

IN recent years two important items have been added to the available list in the HMV Archive Series: "Vi Ravviso" from Bellini's "La Sonnambula" (VB 12) and Mephisto's Serenade from Gounod's "Faust" (VA 6). The Bellini excerpt is a fine bit of bel canto singing, but acoustically HMV's reissue is far inferior to the original pressing, which I was fortunate to hear in the remarkable collection of Richard P. Porter, played at the proper speed of 76 rpm.

Plançon was a celebrated "Devil" not only in Gounod's "Faust" but in the Berlioz and Boito versions as well. His recording of the Berlioz air (Victor 81034) is peerless in its lightness, sardonic elegance, and vocal flexibility. In the Gounod excerpts it is fascinating to compare parallel renditions of Plançon and Chaliapin. In

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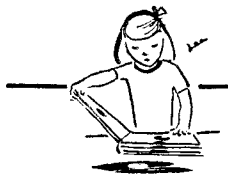
the "Serenade" and "Le Veau d'Or." (Victor 81038) Plançon emerges as a suave, yet sinister Devil, thoroughly convincing histrionically and with a vocalization that is studied to the minutest detail. With Chaliapin, dramatic characterization was paramount. However, his realistic impersonation showed the evidence of vocal flaws: weakness of diction and slurring of phrases, the same points in which the Frenchman was perfection itself. The two basses may also be compared in their respective versions of Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers." Here the Russian giant is preferred. There is exciting drama in his performance, a sense of present tragedy and an impressive climax. Plançon adopts an overdeliberate tempo in his rendition (Victor 85024) which carries little conviction, though it is vocally expert as always.

The perennial favorite of bassos, Flegier's "Le Cor," is likewise hampered by a rather slow pace. Yet this is very impressive, ending on a weighty low D, the low extreme of the singer's range. His high F—the opposite pole—was perpetuated in a 1902 recording of the "Toreador Song," a practically unobtainable rarity.

Collectors should welcome a new reissue that has been made available through the efforts of Addison Foster. It consists of the "Berceuse" from "Mignon" and "Pro Peccatis" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." While not the best Plançon, the issue is historically interesting, for these were the last selections he recorded during his final session in 1908.

In the same year he said farewell to the Metropolitan, after a career that had begun there in 1893. He returned to France and spent his last years in retirement. There is something symbolic in his passing—on August 11, 1914—just as Europe was becoming involved in the horrors of the First World War. The world has never been the same since, and neither has the art of singing. Consummate, dedicated artists with the endowments of Pol Plançon are not among us today. But as a musician—and his meager recorded legacy certainly established him in this capacity—he would be delighted at the extent to which the cause of music is served today by the phonograph, the very phonograph that was not ready to present him to posterity in a manner worthier of his talents.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several Plançon rarities, including the monologue of King Philip from Verdi's "Don Carlo," are scheduled for inclusion in an RCA Victor project titled "Five Decades of Operatic Art," to be issued in early 1955.*



THE YOUNGER SET

The Classics, Junior Size

SEEMINGLY to surmount the competitive vulgarities of children's television shows, the major record makers have opened the flood-gates on "music-appreciation" discs. While some of the new issues undoubtedly will delight and instruct children at suitable age levels, I'd question the wisdom of "sugar-coating" good "classical" music with feeble story-telling. On several new recordings, stories are narrated against the background of a reasonably familiar classical work. Even though the music helps create the necessary color and excitement, in several instances the verbiage refuses to let the music emerge to establish its own identity. In at least one instance, one might pose the question: "Granted that such productions help condition the child to good music, might they not at the same time foster a taste for bad literature?"

In THE SEASONS (Capitol CAS-3195), Bud Freeman's charming adaptation of the Proserpine-Ceres myth tends to obscure the Glazounov music. But at least there is a good story here. In the same series, Capitol offers themes from "Carmen" and "The Nutcracker Suite," utilized respectively for thin scripts entitled EL TORITO, THE LITTLE BULL (CAS-3194) and CHIN CHOW AND THE GOLDEN BIRD (CAS-3193). I believe that this particular music would fare better with children if given by itself, without the stories.

In line with that thought, RCA Victor has produced an impressive unit entitled THE LITTLE BALLERINA (LRY-8000). On one side of a ten-inch long-playing disc Nelson Olmsted relates a warm little story that is informative and perhaps inspiring to the aspiring ballet student. On the other side are unadulterated selections from classic ballets—"Sylvia," "Les Sylphides," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Giselle"—all beautifully played by Leopold Stokowski and symphony orchestra. Ballet terms are illustrated in the accompanying story book.

The same company also has recorded several selections from Schubert, Haydn, Beethoven, and Rossini, superimposing on them four stories by Ludwig Bemelmans. The set is identified as MADELINE (LY-2016), from the lead story, which is also the best of the group. Although Bemelmans indulges occasionally in adult jokes which in effect make fun of the child, these are for the most part charming, simple tales that allow for pleasant interplay between the words and music.

For pre-school children, Miss Frances, proprietress of TV's fabulous ("fabulous" perhaps because it is also excellent) Ding Dong School, introduces four musical instruments in FUN WITH INSTRUMENTS, one side of an extended play (45 RPM) disc (RCA EYA-28). And four is just enough for one time with Miss Frances's very young audience.

For children of school age, Columbia has inaugurated a well-conceived Introducing the Masters Series. The first two issues, THE STORIES AND MUSIC OF HAYDN AND MOZART, have been coupled on a ten-inch LP (JL-8014). Milton Cross is the nar-

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rator, and the orchestral direction as well as piano and harpsichord passages are handled expertly by Rudolph Goehr. There's also a dramatic-vocal cast. Where similar ventures elsewhere have attempted to crowd in too much music and story, these productions maintain a leisurely pace and allow the listener to identify himself with the composer. This is relatively simple, since the stories deal principally with episodes from each composer's childhood. Also, at least enough of each musical selection is performed to establish its identity.

THOROUGHLY enjoyable, neither profound nor didactic, are several new song records received from Columbia. The most delightful side in months is Tom Glaser's rendition of WILLIE HAD A LITTLE TOOTH (J-184). There's no age limitation for this one, though it will have special meaning for those suffering that second growth of teeth. The same company has issued a series of lower-priced discs (49¢), many of which prove quite exhilarating. TOY TOWN CHOO CHOO (J-717) is a colorful little item for train fanciers, and there's a superior version of the perennial ME AND MY TEDDY BEAR (J-727) by the otherwise unidentified Singing Princess. Children may easily prefer the overside, HAPPY LITTLE TEDDY BEARS, a catchy tune.

As usual, few of the new story records prove themselves acceptable for pre-school ages, but Ding Dong School's Miss Frances once again hits the proper pace and tone in a little sympathy-provoking tale, LARRY THE LIGHTNING BUG (RCA EYA-29). Three-year-olds and four-year-olds will consider this anything but dull. In the overside RIDING ALONG, however, I believe Miss Frances has missed fire with a favorite infant theme, and the featured song itself is not particularly childworthy. WHO WANTS A RIDE?, issued several years ago by Young People's Records (YPR 806), is unlikely to be equaled.

School-agers should like that historical story of pride and persistence, ROB ROY (Capitol CAS-3198), as adapted for the film by Walt Disney, and recorded here in a red-blooded dramatization. . . . HUNTERS OF THE SEA (CRG 9006) is outstanding, even for the dedicated Children's Record Guild. This is a salt-smacking whaling story, partly documentary, integrated with some authentic American sea songs. The narrator is radio's veteran New Englander, Parker Fennelly. The music is projected stunningly by Tom Glaser with the Gene Lowell Chorus.

—BILL SIMON

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Gone Fission

I HAVE spent the week roaming the breadth of Tennessee, home of Andrew Jackson and Ray Jenkins, where the green beans are cooked in bacon rind, a white mountain of grits comes unrequested with the eggs, and dinnertime's coffee arrives with the appetizer. My!

This sermon had better begin, I think, with the matter of the Tennessee River, a big looping thing that starts in Kentucky, cuts off a corner of Mississippi, scoops the top off Alabama, and turns north to Tennessee again at a point that just misses the Georgia border. Dams have been built at twenty different locations along the river, creating twenty new lakes that never existed before. Nobody has gotten more of a charge out of this project than the Tennesseans, for whom it has meant not only kilowatts but king-sized fish.

They've been taking power out of the lakes and putting resorts on them. The main industry at the resorts is fishing, classified down here as somewhere between terrific and fantastic. Two years ago Douglas Lake gave up a large-mouth bass which signed in at better than fourteen pounds. And the Tennessee end of the Kentucky Lake yielded a seven-and-a-half pound bass to the wife of an East St. Louis dentist recently, which I take to be a record for dentists' wives of East St. Louis.

Anyway, there now exists a whole string of places, fancy and rugged, where fishermen and families may check in by the day or week, probe the TVA pools for bass, crappie, or even catfish, and sleep the night in style. The newest and flossiest of these lodges is the Inn at Paris Landing, certainly one of the toniest places a fisherman ever hung up a perch-perfumed shirt. The Inn was opened the first week in May, and the last time I saw Paris, which indeed was just the other day, it was a magnificent rhapsody of redwood, pine, and glass, looking like an exhibit that had been transported from Sweden and set up in the courtyard of the Museum of Modern Art. There is a balcony for every room, and from a comfortable chair thereon (or through the picture windows that form one wall) fishing-widows can watch father slaving away all day over a hot rod and reel. The dining room is glass from floor to ceiling, a distance of three stories, and the lower level of the building contains a game room to occupy those hands not busy fishing. There is also a swimming beach at hand, and a stable of Tennessee walking horses, a local specialty. Anyone who has ever been on a walking horse insists it beats riding.

The tariff at Paris Landing's inn comes to $5 a night for a single room, $7 to $8 for a double, and there are just thirty rooms in the house—all, to be sure, with bath. Paris, a settlement which is also involved in the manufacture of cosmetics (and not just because they can say "Made in Paris" either) is a morning's drive from Nashville and over the line from Missouri and Kentucky.

A similar arrangement—that is to say good sleep, good fish—is available over at Watts Bar, which is two hours south and west of Knoxville if you travel at thirty-four miles an hour. Watts Bar doesn't offer a drop to drink unless you count water, but it is a tremendous expanse of lake hovering above a damsite. A collection of cottages which I judge were originally built to house the dam builders have been taken over by an avid fisherman name of Pete Smith and fitted with air-conditioning, comfortable beds, kitchenettes, and even separate quarters for those who want to get up to fish at 5:00 A.M. without disturbing the sane population. Studio units comprising a double bed and a sofa with room for two or three people cost $7 a night or $45 a week, about ten dollars more with kitchenette. For $95 a week you can engage a three-bedroom bungalow with three double beds, sofa bed, and enough contraptions for light housekeeping. Those who would rather not look a pot in the face while on vacation can take their meals in the Watts Bar restaurant, a handsome retreat done up in the decor of Mexico, a favorite winter habitat of the Smiths. Mrs. Smith has collected a particularly engaging collection of jewelry and gimcracks from Cuernavaca to Chile, also gathered during winter excursions, which are for sale.

Mr. Smith has equipped the lake with a small-sized Spanish Armada, a selection of boats in both wood and aluminum, and motors varying from 2½ to 7½ horsepower. There is a complete tackle shop, lockers for equipment, and a giant deep freeze for storing the catch. A corps of

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guides is on hand, most of them. I am informed, college graduates—which will give you a fair idea how scientific fishing has become. Also, I do not know what this means for the Indian who used to earn a few kopeks in the summer by arranging meetings between fishermen and fish.

Besides attracting Waltons on the prowl for bass, the Tennessee Valley has also drawn all manner of industry looking for low-cost kilowatts. Among those attracted: The Atomic Energy Commission. Oak Ridge is just twenty miles from Knoxville. One of its several plants uses three times as much electricity as the city of Detroit. A locally recruited official last week estimated the total cost of Oak Ridge as "right close to two billion."

IN the peak of the war years Oak Ridge was a secret city of 75,000, many of them living in trailers. Nowadays the count is down to 32,000 citizens, 22 churches, 7,500 schoolchildren, seven grade schools, three high schools, and the town is racking up 1,000 births a year. The trailers have rolled on to trailer parks somewhere else, and most of the population lives in houses built during the war at the rate of one street a day. Today's rent runs $60 a month for a two-bedroom house, $85 for a three-bedroom house, but to qualify for three bedrooms an Oak Ridge employe must be equipped with two children over the age of six of opposite sexes. During the war, buses, electricity, and water were all free, but those benefits have since disappeared.

Since 1949, the city—named for nearby Black Oak Ridge—has been opened to all comers, though the giant plants are strictly off limits. Those who have been inside such places as K-25, the wartime designation for one immense enclosure, say it looks like a "half a mile of electric motors with now and then somebody passing on a bicycle to check something or other."

To give the public a better idea of atomic energy and its functions, the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies has opened an American Museum of Atomic Energy, a collection of displays and devices that will literally make your hair stand on end. The hair-stander is a small model of a Van de Graaff electrostatic generator, which will turn on a fluorescent tube, cause a purple streak to jump from machine to hand, or if touched, make curly locks point skyward. Some enterprising attendants once got a sheep dog and tried to raise all of its hair at once, but when the dog's master patted the hirsute fellow a bright spark in glorious technicolor jumped from his hand to the canine's nose, and the idea was jettisoned right there.

Browsers can fish around with a Geiger counter to find out which of six live turtles is radioactive, see movies of the atom bomb tests, and watch the reaction of Geiger counters on various uranium ores. Attendants demonstrate a set of mechanical hands which, with pulleys, knobs, wheels and cables, permit the operator working through an atom-proof wall to pick up a bottle, unscrew its cap, pour its contents in a decanter, and screw back the top without danger of becoming radioactive.

Almost no one goes away without dropping a dime in the dime irradiator which makes ten cents radioactive. What happens is that the dime is deposited in a shielded lead container which contains a source of neutrons. These particles, which comprise half the nucleus of an atom, have no electric charge like their positively charged twins, the protons, which comprise the other half of the nucleus of the atom, or the electrons, tiny, negatively charged particles which spin around the nucleus. Am I going too fast, Dr. Oppenheimer?

Well, to make a long story interminable, some of the neutrons penetrate the silver atoms, making them radioactive. The dime is then slipped into a lucite and aluminum container and handed over as a souvenir. The atom people say the dime is harmless and if they are mistaken there is a radioactive bus running up and down Madison Avenue right now.

A souvenir shop on the premises doesn't sell anything either atomized or radioactive. Indeed, it is full of an incredible assortment of come-ons for the rubberneck and was summarily described by the agent from *Holiday* who was with me on the excursion as "about as ugly an Old Curiosity Shop as I've seen." Among the merchandise we turned up was a set of whiskey bottles with lampoon labels marked with such joke brands as "Sudden Discomfort" and "Blot and Wipe." Also on hand: boxes of "magic powder" and a shelf of dolls marked "Made in Japan."

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Fiction

Continued from page 12

tion remains shadowy; he becomes indeed almost a passive and a morbid figure. The heroine Julia, on whom he fixes his frantic desire for love and companionship, is herself never fulfilled as a woman. The scenes of "peace" in this modern parable of war and peace are even more devastating than those of war. Nowhere in his search does the suffering central figure find a moment of relaxation, of pleasure, of release. I would guess that here the moralist who is so strong in Mr. Wolfert's temperament has overcome the artist who can be so perceptive.

Yet if the women in the novel are tormented spirits, and the scenes of sexual love are almost always frustrating, the masculine portraits—and the relationships of men in war—are beautifully handled. The navy doctor Semmes in earlier part of the story; the mechanic Blackie White, the Negro sailor Bidwell—these are matched later on by the tragic portrait of Major Munday, the comic profile of Sergeant Poglese, and by a score of other ironic, eloquent, and desperate military figures. When the army comes back to the island, on the return to Japan, the novel picks up all its power again, and is an experience to read. If I have commented adversely on the "domestic" interludes in the revised version of "An Act of Love," it is because the novel now demands both the standards and the respect of serious criticism. It is close to being a major work in war fiction, and only my caution tempers my admiration.

Ira Wolfert—"close to a major work."

Brigid Brophy—"delicate skill."

Spoiled Ape

"Hackenfeller's Ape," by Brigid Brophy *(Random House. 177 pp. $2.75), is a young British writer's satire on man, apes, and our so-called civilization.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

ONE expects the fantasy-with-a-moral to be written by a mature sage like Voltaire, Samuel Johnson, or Anatole France. Somewhat indiscreetly, perhaps, the publishers of "Hackenfeller's Ape" let us in on the secret that its author is only twenty-four. Nevertheless, it will have to be admitted that Brigid Brophy not only writes with a great deal of delicate skill, but gets away very nicely with the air of mellow wisdom. "As old as the world" she would have us believe, and there are moments when the illusion is quite convincing.

Possibly, of course, at the age of, say, fourteen, Miss Brophy heard the tale current toward the end of the war about the aviator who landed in Africa exclaiming that he was the last survivor of the human race and then heard one ape say to another, "Don't tell me we've got to start *that* all over again." It is also possible that she may have read Vercors's "You Shall Know Them" about the missing links who were a little more than monkeys.

But, after all, those echoes are rather faint in her book. Certainly there is a good deal of originality in her tale of what happened when the British War Office, desiring to send a near-human anthropoid up in a rocket, tried to take him away from a scientist with emotional conflicts who was trying to understand animals, humanity, and possibly even God by observing the behavior of a creature whom he believed to be just at the beginning of that dubious development in the course of which

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

ANIMALS, MEN, AND MYTHS. By Richard Lewinsohn. Harper & Bros. $5. The second in the series of books which began with "Gods, Graves, and Scholars," this deals with the evolution of the animal, and with the animal's various relationships through the ages with man—in being domesticated in his trade, in his religion, fables, history, and society.

THE AMERICAN CITY NOVEL. By Blanche Housman Gelfant. University of Oklahoma Press. $4. A critical study of what the author feels is a definite genre in modern American fiction—the urban novel. Under consideration are the works of Dreiser, Dos Passos, Farrell, Wolfe, Wharton, Algren, Anderson, and Willard Motley.

EPICS OF SALVAGE. By David Masters. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A roundup of some of the great marine salvage jobs that have been done throughout the world in the past fifteen years, with special attention given to the various refloatings accomplished during the last war.

THE ETERNAL SMILE AND OTHER STORIES. By Par Lagerkvist. Translated by Alan Blair, Erik Mesterton, Denys W. Harding, and Carl Eric Lindin. Random House. $4.50. A collection of short stories, cut in the forms of fable, satire, parable, and allegory, by the eminent Swedish writer and winner of the Nobel Prize in 1951.

FINGERPRINTS. By Douglas G. Browne and Alan Brock. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A history of fingerprinting, from the shufa-long days of ancient China, through the systems of classification developed by one Bertillon, to their first use as criminal indentifiers in the Deptford murders, and down to the worldwide billion-fingered uses of today.

FREEDOM AGAINST ITSELF. By Clarence Streit. Harper & Bros. $3.75. Mr. Streit, who is the originator of an international proposal known as "Union Now," here sets forth further advice on what we must do to guard our freedoms against divisiveness from within, especially at a time when the Soviet is doing its prettiest to separate the free world.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GENERAL "TWO-GUN" COHEN. By Charles Drage. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $4. A biography of London-born Morris Cohen, who, at the age of sixteen, went to Canada where he met some Chinese, and became interested in the causes of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, whose bodyguard he became and remained until Dr. Sun's death. Cohen continued trouble-shooting in China until the outbreak of World War II.

MY LADY GREENSLEEVES. By Constance Beresford-Howe. Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, 35¢. A tale about a sixteenth-century heavybosom who runs away from her tenacious husband to follow another, whose death she unwittingly causes, gets mixed up in the London underworld, and is finally recaptured.

PILOT. By Tony LeVier, as told to John Guenther. Harper & Bros. $3.50. An autobiography by Lockheed's chief engineering test pilot, which starts with that mad day in 1950, when, in an F-90, the author became the fourth man and first civilian to crack the sound barrier, and then goes back to beginnings around dirt fields at the age of seventeen barnstorming, the Thompson Trophy race, the perfecting of the P-38, etc.

PROUD LAND. By Logan Forster. Random House. $3. How some Warm Spring Apaches left their reservation in the 1870's and went down into Mexico to paint a few towns red.

THE ROYAL BOX. Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner. $3.50. If all the copies of Mrs. Keyes's books that have been sold were stacked, they would reach the moon. In this one, which may carry the pile out of sight, she tells of hubbery-gubbery goings on in the diplomatic circles of London, involving some thin-seeded nobles, a mysterious ambassador from the Middle East, and a murder.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the issue of May 8, this compiler listed the title of a novel by Dunstan Thompson as "The Dove with the Bough of Leaves"—"Leaves" being mysteriously substituted for the correct "Olive." Apologies are herewith tendered to the author, and to Simon & Schuster for a botanical boggle that may have had something to do with spring, and a late Friday afternoon wish to be out in it. —W. B.

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esthetic and moral preferences, undefinable desires, and a sense of sin spoil the animal without—so she seems to think—quite succeeding in turning him into anything which we have any real right to call satisfactory as a human being.

The trouble with such books usually is that they are not sufficiently interesting once one has got the point. If "Hackenfeller's Ape" has a defect, it is the opposite one. Miss Brophy's tale is richly ornamented with witty turns, it is full of events, and by no means all of the surprises are to be anticipated. She keeps the ball rolling in so amusing a fashion that this really is a I-Couldn't-Lay-It-Down book. You can read it in a couple of hours and you probably will.

But just what the main point is or, for that matter, whether a sharply defined main point is intended, is not sure. If a single lesson is implicit, perhaps it is kept a bit too completely in solution. The military man, the puzzled scientist, and the greatest-good-for-the-greatest-number boys are all given their say very tellingly. There is also (how the young are fascinated by them!) the inevitable delinquent girl who goes in for a little prostitution when she isn't engaged in her real profession, housebreaking. If Miss Brophy stands anywhere, it seems to be on the contention that this is a sorry world we never made and that it's not likely to better until we come a long way further from the apes than we are now.

Inevitably, there are a good many references to armament and the threat of war. In fact, Miss Brophy seems more clearly than anything else to belong in that very broad category labeled "pacifist." So, I suppose, do I, if you mean by that nothing more than one who thinks that, in itself, peace is preferable to war. So do most, though not quite all, people. But I can't see that those who say "If everybody would agree to stop fighting this would be a better world" have said much more than those who inform us that if everybody would obey the Golden Rule we would all get along fine. The real problem arises in connection with the question of what we can and should do in the meantime. Should we stop fighting when other people are going to go on? Perhaps that would save our own souls. But would it save the world? And unless you are willing to say that, it doesn't matter whether the world is saved or not: you have to face the question. Miss Brophy doesn't seem to me to face it. She is ironical about "defense," but she doesn't quite face the implication of turning the other cheek, either.

The Guilty Hunter

"The Quality of Mercy," by Robert Carson (Henry Holt. 307 pp. $3.50), considers the guilt of the hunter as well as the hunted when society undertakes to bring to justice the perpetrator of a diabolically clever crime.

By Charles Lee

ROBERT CARSON, author of "The Magic Lantern" and noted scenarist, has now written what might be described as a didactic detective story. "The Quality of Mercy" is not only a tale of hunter and hunted; it is also an effort to define the nature of guilt at either end of the pursuit. Motive becomes as exciting a part of the story as the action itself; Warren Hearst, society's avenger, and Howard Smith, its assailant, are curiously caught in the same beam of psychological revelation. But whether Mr. Carson himself sees with clarity everything his own stab of light uncovers will likely be a matter of widespread after-dinner debate: author and reader are also caught in its illumination and may witness its findings contradictorily. But then a lantern by which all saw similarly in respect to human intent would be magic, indeed.

Warren Hearst, an amiable private investigator who is disgusted by the sordidness of his trade, is set to sleuthing Howard Smith by the Sunland Insurance Company, from whom he has already received $25,000 in connection with his wife's accidental death and from whom he now seeks, some months later and with the advice of counsel, a like sum of money to which he feels entitled. Sunland does not feel that Smith's claim is justified and hires Hearst to try to dig up a few persuasions to "induce reasonableness" in him and his lawyer. Hearst's job is not made easier by the fact that Smith's alibi on the day of Thelma's fatal accident is perfect, that the police have "closed" the case, that Smith's friends report him to be a veritable paragon of considerateness, and that the investigator's own cynical partner (their banter is excellent) cannot detect even the faintest odor of fish about the all but forgotten incident.

Hearst, however, feels an irresistible compulsion to probe about in Howard Smith's past and personality, and it is this obsession, quite as much as Howard's crime, that is the subject of Mr. Carson's own investigations. Bit by bit, with the relentlessness of another Javert, Hearst moves in upon his prey. At the same time, Carson gains on them both, the intri-

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cate result being a triple drama of exposure that only the most attentive reader will fully savor.

Howard's crime is hideous, but the punishment that begins with Hearst's ruthless inquiries is as terrible in its way despite its seeming social justifications. It is important to note that Mr. Carson is not here attacking the stern strategies of policing by which society protects itself against violators of its contract but only the vindictive virtues of certain of the instruments of such preservation. Hearst is such an instrument; he knows it and is properly apologetic about it. He is chastened by the knowledge that, like himself, Smith is the product of his own blighted past and the harsh times (1935) in which he lives.

A word of praise ought to be said for the realistic impact of the story. Its details, sometimes repetitious, have a kind of newspaper immediacy. Its police interrogatories are especially vivid. Commendable, too, is Mr. Carson's non-glamorous representation of the activities of a private investigator. The love story seems forced to this reader, but it is not fundamental (though love is, obviously) to the central content of this grimly entertaining novel.

Father of War

THE FIRST MURDERER: The Bible, which has always been a popular sourcebook for literary speculations upon the wisdom of God and the condition of Man, provides both subject-matter and prose style for **"Cain"** (Regnery, $3), a sonorous narrative by Rogier Van Aerde and translated by I. and E. Graham Wilson about the rebellious first son of Man. It begins with the expulsion from Eden, tells of Cain's birth and youth, of his murder of Abel, and of his attempted renunciation of God, in Whose face he flings up the great city of Enochiah, forerunner of all the Sodoms of the earth, whose inhabitants, as the story closes, are about to suffer a Divine punishment long-delayed.

The text of the book is set like uneven lines of verse and the style is imitative of the Bible, but with few archaisms employed. While often swelling with a simple dignity, the language and rhythm more than once break down into an incongruous prosiness. "Cain" contains few elements of exegetical interest and, though told with obvious respect for its scriptural reference, it could be converted into a Hollywood extravaganza in which sin and atonement mingle chummily with dancing girls and "a cast of thousands." The wood-cut illustrations by Patricia Watters are often eloquent and moving. —JEROME STONE.

Sunrise

Continued from page 10

material motive of politicians and tradesmen, yet this "crass" motive must not obscure the fact that cultural exchange would also strengthen a modest little cause known as truth.

Unawareness abroad of our cultural creativity is a long-range factor; it goes back to the nineteenth century. Although it ought to have been discarded as an outdated cliché, that whole visiting-lecturer cliché about "You Americans with your speed, speed, speed, and your Frigidaires," yet many important Europeans still think Americans are soulless and insensitive machines, a raw society of mass-produced healthy extroverts. Traditional American literary figures like Emily Dickinson, Melville, Thoreau, and "bitter Bierce" don't sound like insensitive soulless extroverts. Neither do some of our contemporary quarterlies. Yet I found Europe far more aware of the America of Hollywood and of Mickey Spillane than of this great literary tradition. For example, one French writer asked: "But how on earth can a poet live in America? Whom would he ever find to *talk* to about anything except lynchings and chewing gum?"

Only freer travel in both directions can correct this impression. In Europe, unlike America, it is not only esthetically but politically essential to be respected by the intellectuals. Listen, for example, to the diary of Heinrich von Einsiedel, "I Joined the Russians." In this diary, what most makes this grandson of Bismarck hesitate to break with Communism and to face westward toward America are his following qualms; and please note that they are purely cultural qualms, not political, economic, or military qualms:

> . . . Is Americanism a future worth striving for? Haven't pursuit of the dollar, the conveyor belt, skyscrapers, crime thrillers, the jazz mania done more to demoralize the world and turn man into a mass creature than could a collectivist party dictatorship inspired by a Socialist's ideal? Where is the towering cultural achievement of America which would lend inner justification to the wealth of the ruling classes?

THE second source of friction, which good will on both sides can eliminate, is the fact that Europeans find America not sufficiently militant against the Fascist evil. This evil ravaged and almost destroyed Europe in World War II; its horrors are, therefore, less easily forgotten by Europe than by an unravaged America. Americans have never been invaded by Germany, but they have suffered death and torture from Communists in Korea. France has not been invaded by Russia, its traditional ally against Germany, since 1815 but has been three times invaded by Germany in the last century and has been brutally occupied by Nazi Germans and Fascist Italians. Therefore, although intellectually both the rightist and the leftist forms of totalitarianism are obviously equally dreadful, emotionally history has made Frenchmen dread the rightist form more and has made Americans dread the leftist form more. Unless both Frenchmen and Americans keep in mind each other's historical scars, Americans will increasingly rage at Frenchmen for being "soft" towards Communism, and Frenchmen will increasingly rage against Americans for being "soft" towards Fascism—or at least towards German nationalism abroad and towards mob conformism at home. In that case there will never be a meeting of minds between Western Europe and America.

The solution is for both Americans and Europeans to drop the outdated concepts of "left" and "right" in foreign policy; to drop these concepts not only semantically but psychologically; to drop as meaningless the mischievous notion of "choosing" a lesser evil between "left" and "right" despotisms. For in foreign policy each is but the mirror image of the other. When you stand in front of a mirror, left becomes right and right becomes left, and the image remains the same. Semantically you will make Frenchmen more emotionally anti-Communist when you show that Communism is

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Henry Fielding. Amelia Harris. Mrs. Booth. 2. R. L. Stevenson. Catriona Drummond. Mrs. David Balfour. 3. Fanny Burney. Cecilia Beverley. Mrs. Mortimer Delvile. 4. Samuel Richardson. Clarissa Harlowe. Mrs. Robert Lovelace. 5. Rose Franken. Claudia Brown. Mrs. David Naughton. 6. Annemarie Selinko. Désirée Clary. Madame Bernadotte. 7. Jane Austen. Emma Woodhouse. Mrs. George Knightley. 8. Fanny Burney. Evelina Belmont. Lady Orville. 9. Arnold Bennett. Leonora Knight. Mrs. John Stanway. 10. Samuel Richardson. Pamela Andrews. Mrs. B..... 11. Helen Hunt Jackson. Ramona Phail. Senora Felipe Moreno. 12. George Eliot. Romola de'Bardi. Mrs. Tito Melema. 13. Charlotte Brontë. Shirley Keeldar. Mrs. Gerard Moore. 14. Stanley J. Weyman. Sophia Maitland. Lady Coke. 15. Benjamin Disraeli. Sybil Gerard. Countess of Marney. 16. George du Maurier. Trilby O'Ferrall. Madame Svengali.

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nothing but Red Fascism; you will make Americans more emotionally on guard against thought control when you show that this is nothing but the bolshevism of the right. The metaphor of the mirror-image explains why Western Europe's increasing softness towards the left and America's increasing softness toward the right are inseparable; both must stop simultaneously, or neither will stop. Let us turn to some examples proving that point.

Every time McCarthy makes a speech threatening to sink British boats, Bevan's leftwingers and America-baiters gain more adherents. Every time Bevan makes a speech for appeasing Red China and every time French Communists demonstrate against some just, legal, fairminded trial of some guilty American spy, McCarthy and our isolationist Europe-baiters gain more adherents. The great British liberal weekly *The Economist* defines Aneurin Bevan's slanders of America as "a deliberate recipe for striking down the free world's shield." Exactly! And what else but this are McCarthy's slanders of England?

Here is a second example of mirror images. Europeans tend to think (and here, as elsewhere, many American liberal intellectuals resemble the European side of the mirror) that everyone indicted for Communism in America is being framed up. Thus they often—to my shock and amazement during recent trips abroad—deemed such proved traitors as Hiss and the Rosenbergs innocent and minimized the proved Communist infiltration in that erstwhile sacred cow, the Institute of Pacific Relations. Conversely, many nationalistic Americans tend to think that everyone accused of Communism is guilty. Thus some Americans—again to my shock and amazement—impute intentional pro-Communism to a past Administration which proved its anti-Communism by the Truman Doctrine in Turkey and Greece, by NATO, and by resisting Communist aggression in Korea. Here the American-nationalist mistake mirrors the European-liberal mistake; the former tends to call everybody guilty indiscriminately, without due process of law; the latter tends to call everybody a framed-up innocent indiscriminately, despite all evidence.

If, for the sake of Western unity, we discard the terms left and right, with what shall we replace them? I suggest using the adjectives "separatist" and "Westernizing" to bring out the contrast that really matters, the contrast between suicidal aloofness and that Western collective security against the totalitarian aggressor which alone could have prevented World War II and which alone can save us from World War III. Thus, fellow-traveler and appeasement tendencies in Europe on the one hand and isolationist, xenophobic, and thought-controlling tendencies in America on the other hand are both forms, by my terminology, of the same ism: separatism. "Westernizing" I define as everything encouraging mutual aid, mutual trade, mutual military and spiritual defences in the free world against that ever hovering threat (which hangs over us all) of some Moscow-directed Pearl Harbor.

This terminology is more realistic than "left" and "right" because it puts together all who opposed the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact in the same camp, where they belong. For example, the junior Senator from Wisconsin, who voted against the Marshall Plan and against adequately financing our anti-Communist armies in Europe, gets placed by this new terminology in the same camp (the separatist camp) as Nenni, Kingsley Martin, Jean-Paul Sartre, Alvarez Del Vayo, the *New Statesman* enemies of the Atlantic Pact in London, and its neutralist enemies in Paris and Rome.

In October 1952 the late Joseph Stalin made one of the most important speeches of the twentieth century. He predicted the Soviets would triumph not merely because of left-wing tendencies in the West but because of the disunity in the West created by nationalist rivalries. Quite diverse examples of such separatist nationalism are neo-Fascism in Italy, nationalist jealousy between France and Germany, and America's high tariffs. If Stalin realized that the West can be destroyed by this tacit alliance of the trust-Russia leftists and the nationalist rightists, then let the West realize it likewise and act accordingly. Here, in the context of Stalin's October speech, is my definition of McCarthyite separatism: McCarthyism is that unwitting tool of the Kremlin criminals which, by replacing genuine anti-Communism (that is, a freedom-loving anti-Communism) with demagogic pseudo-anti-Communism, lends aid and comfort to the real Communist agents (the real Hisses and Fuchses) by falsely accusing of pro-Communism countless anti-Communists (like Ambassador Bohlen, General Zwicker, Adlai Stevenson, Ed Murrow, Harvard's Pusey, and many others).

IN SHORT, the isolationists and McCarthyite separatists of America and the neutralist and fellow-traveler separatists and appeasers in Europe are as identical as a bump and a hollow. Opposing that bump and that hollow, the freedom-loving unity of the Westernizers is not merely a temporary material expedient against Communism but is rooted in the lasting spiritual philosophies which the West has inherited from Athens and from Palestine. Fortunately, most Americans and most Europeans are still pro-Western, not separatists, and so—as shown by their mass desertions to the West—are most East Europeans and Russians, despite their tyrannical separatist governments. It is not because most Americans are "Fascist imperialists" but because most Americans are democratic foes of Fascism that they are, consistently, likewise

"Why grandpa! . . . I see you've got a hi-fi set."

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the foes of the Soviet police-state. Freedom must be defended simultaneously on several different fronts, not on one alone.

But while freedom has several fronts, they are not equally dangerous. Let us retain a sense of proportion about which front faces a permanent menace of 200 armed divisions and which front faces a demagogy that has no armed division behind it and can still be rendered ephemeral with ballots at home.

When Communists and McCarthyites both booed in protest against the giving of the Nobel Prize for Peace to the founder of the Marshall Plan, they proved beyond dispute the validity of the mirror-image metaphor here suggested. Only this mirror interpretation makes sense of the fact that the *Daily Worker* and Senator McCarthy both opposed, and still oppose, the Marshall Plan and all subsequent manifestations of the same cooperative Western unity. While left and right still have a certain legitimate validity in domestic politics, obviously they must be replaced by the concepts of Westernism and separatism in any realistic analysis of European-American foreign relations. Westernism does not stand for coercive uniformity or for the end of independent political parties with lots of healthy disagreement; that would be the very totalitarianism we combat. What Westernism means is that those who share it share a common value-code: they share a common anti-Fascist, anti-Communist framework of parliamentary liberties. Therefore, Westernism means no blind conformism; it means free individualism with a close but voluntary unity.

DON'T blame Communist propaganda exclusively for anti-Americanism abroad. Blame also America's meanspirited isolationists and xenophobes (McCarthy is merely one among many; in the long run, isolationists like Senator Bricker and the late Senator Wherry may be an even more dangerous type, being more respectable). Our Europe-baiters and would-be thought-controllers look more important from afar *than they actually are* at home. In any case, whether important or unimportant at home, these noisy slanderers give wavering Europeans the impression—a false impression—that "all America has the rabies." This much-cited "rabies" quotation is from one of the most skilful Soviet-sympathizing writers in Paris. He welcomes McCarthyism as a godsend. In exactly the same way, European neutralist and fellow-traveler periodicals, such as much of the non-literary section of the London *New Statesman*, are a godsend to America's Europe-baiters and McCarthyites.

Readers who still recall their college science courses will remember the classic case of a traveling cook called "Typhoid Mary." Herself immune to the typhoid germs she teemed with, she left typhoid epidemics in her wake, unintentionally and with blissful unawareness. May we not call Joseph McCarthy the Typhoid Mary of anti-Americanism?

The more we tell Europe about the horrors of Communism (though it is indeed monstrously horrible), the more will Europeans tell us about the horrors of Fascism, which only recently occupied their countries. This being so, let more Americans have the empathy, the sensitivity to put themselves in Europe's place and to think again of the horrors of Nazism. If more Americans do so, I guarantee that more anti-Americans in Europe will reciprocate by greater awareness of the horrors of Communism.

This reciprocity may not be logical. Logically you make people anti-Communist by talking against Communism. But it is psychological. Psychologically, America will not make Europeans sufficiently anti-Communist unless America in addition talks about the dangers of Fascist-style thought-control and demagogy. And mere lip service to anti-Fascism is not enough; a rebirth of the anti-Fascist spirit in America—the psychological prerequisite to a rebirth of anti-Communism in Europe—must, in Wordsworth's phrase, be "felt in the heart and felt along the blood." Not narrow nationalism but the generous passionate idealism that stopped Hitler is what will stop the appeal of Communism abroad.

This freedom-loving idealism cuts across right and left just as does communazi totalitarianism; this idealism is found alike in the conservatism of a Churchill or Eden and the democratic socialism of a Mayor Reuter of Berlin or a Norman Thomas; not economics but ethics must be the criterion. No mere economic cooperation with Europe (though I favor it for other reasons) will do as much to inspire Europe against the criminal Soviet aggressor as will a nation-wide rekindling in America of our anti-Fascist conscience. What a thrill of renewed faith in NATO and in American leadership would surge through wavering Europe, what panic and gnashing of teeth would excruciate the propagandists of pro-Soviet appeasement, if our President—while never relaxing our alertness against Communist spies—took the lead in a dramatic all-out drive against all Senators, Congressmen, and newspapers who would corrupt that necessary alertness into attacks on free institutions. And by "all-out drive" I do not mean vague platitudes; I mean naming names and hitting hard.

At the very same time, by the law of mirrored reciprocity, a lot more Italian and French voters would have to vote against Communism and for NATO in order to encourage more Americans to vote out of office our nationalistic know-nothings. Let Europeans learn that the road to effective anti-McCarthyism must begin with a more sincere anti-Communism. Let Americans learn that the road to anti-Communism must begin with a sincere anti-Fascist revival.

A big increase in European Atlantic Pact anti-Communism and European knowledge of our serious cultural achievements on the one hand, and a big increase in American free-minded individualism, passion for civil liberties, and tolerant world-mindedness on the other hand, will need each other, will feed each other, and will both be gloriously right. This entirely voluntary unity will be based on liberty and not merely on temporary military expediency. Only yesterday this unity saved both Europe and America from Hitler. If today it saves us both from an otherwise inevitable world conquest by Chinese and Russian Communism, then for a second time in one century, and by a reversal of astronomy, the sun will rise in the west.

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Answer to No. 572

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FOR SALE: Book and gift shop in New England college town. Select clientele. Box S-839.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

PERSONABLE, single man, 30, M.A., bookstore and college teaching experience, stenographic skills, fluent German, French, desires permanent position. Box T-1.

COPYWRITERS: Here's an opportunity to get out of the duodenal doldrums and have time to devote to your first, second, or third novel. Position now open for ad guy or gal, experienced in all media including TV. Ideas to develop complete campaigns required. Your weekly salary won't reach the century mark, but if easy living can compensate, send detailed resume and samples of your work to Ernest Cabat, Cabat-Gill Advertising Agency, 194 North Church St., Tucson, Arizona. All replies treated confidentially.

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14 ACRES LAND, beautiful view, on State Highway. 2 cabins, electricity in, artesian well. A healthy spot. August Sevin. Milford, Pa.

LONDONDERRY, VERMONT, modernized living quarters in old mill with space suitable for commercial development, restaurant, ski lodge, etc., on highway from Manchester, Vermont, to Chester, Vermont; about 3 acres surrounding land. Asking price: $10,000. Communicate with me for further information or examination of the property. Photographs on request. Gerald G. Walker, Agent, South Londonderry, Vermont, telephone 86.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA. Montecito. Incredible view. Superb music room and loggia 30x40; compact 8 rooms. $45,000. Box T-9.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—New, year-round house, logs and knotty pine, deluxe kitchen, bath. Fireplace. 9 wooded acres. Brook. $6,900 (insured for $7,500). Ralph Meegan, Box 379, Hillsboro, New Hampshire.

SMALL, SOUND, secluded mountain Colonial. Fireplace, view, brook, 100 acres. $3,000. King's Arrow Realty, Hopkinton, New Hampshire.

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FIVE-BEDROOM HOUSE, all-year construction, utilities furnished, high and dry, near water. Long season if desired. $400. P.O. Box 361, Blue Hill, Maine.

SEAL COVE, MAINE: 7 miles from Southwest Harbor; cottage near bay and lake; 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, oil furnace, electric range, fireplaces. Season $600. Box T-10.

CAPE COD—studio furnished; secluded private beach. August, September $250. Box 532. Wellfleet, Massachusetts.

EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, Gardiner's Bay. Ideal beach house, pine-paneled; stone fireplace; fully equipped, sleeps 6, quiet; restful, private beach, sailing, fishing. Rent summer or monthly. Box T-11.

CABINS WELL FURNISHED: $30-$75 monthly. Paul Coleman, Fairmont, Minnesota.

FOOTHILLS BERKSHIRES—Charming, restored Colonial. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, screened living porch, old fireplaces, beautiful views, piano. Season $800. White Cedars, Falls Village, Connecticut.

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LADY, experienced in European driving, desires position as travel companion to drive car abroad. References. Box T-8.

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RARE CHARM of intimate, congenial group. CAMP TIMBERLAND, informal Adirondack adult camp, Pottersville, N.Y. Sports, lake, dancing, theatre workshop. NYC office, 33 West 42 St., LOngacre 5-3674.

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CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Midway Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Unique lakeside Lodge and Cabins deep in woods, altitude 1,700, off-highways. Moderate rates include meals, boats, canoes, tennis, swimming, recorded concerts, etc. Informal. Folder S.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Small country inn and cabins. River beach, salt water. Good food and beds. Restful. June to September.

300-ACRE ADULT RESORT, private lake, 4 tennis courts, huge recordings library. Adults only. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Beautiful private island. All conveniences. Relax, Fine Food, Recreation. Folder.

CORNWALL, Vt.—Sophistication in the country. Catering to guests who enjoy Southern cuisine and comfortable accommodations. Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner. Virginia Graham, Ring Cornwall 14-13.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL! Just across the road from AVALOCH INN! You will enjoy full resort facilities in a non-commercial atmosphere. Write AVALOCH, Dept. D, Lenox, Massachusetts. Telephone: Lenox 41.

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO. Study watercolor with Stanford Stevens July, August. Write Pastita 156, Guanajuato, Mexico.

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MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Amer. woman inventor of a leading intellectual diversion for the last 20 years.	125 33 102 97 169 117 11 39
B. Followed by Word N, a popular rallying song of the armed services.	170 105 45 159 60 78 127
C. Day of the week whose "child has far to go."	156 50 24 9 174 42 178 87
D. Colloquial for that which belongs to the past (comp.).	120 124 88 12 59 116 72
E. Key of Chopin's first published waltz (Opus 18; comp., 2 wds.).	180 118 150 160 177 67 43 85 62 135
F. Promising success and happiness.	94 184 65 183
G. Athena as tutelary of Coronea, meeting place of Panboeotian confederacy.	173 27 68 47 151 136
H. An absence from regular nocturnal work (2 wds.).	63 95 54 19 32 112 152 1
I. Expunge.	64 17 91 26 82 139
J. Name which seems (phonetically) to belie the great services of its owner in building up U.S. military aviation.	14 71 110 128 57 49 147 25 167
K. Popular name for the great morale-building organization for servicemen on leave.	144 34 22
L. Three words who, St. Paul said, "liveth to himself" (Romans, xiv, 7).	96 16 179 186 154 130 108 40
M. Famous lineman of Yale on Walter Camp's first All-America team, 1889; died, April, 1954.	148 74 92 111 20 7 155 129 171 48 114 51
N. See Word B.	143 37 80 28 10 5
O. Rich source.	123 161 113 149
P. Describing any part of a theatrical production not visible to the audience (comp.).	176 58 61 98 4 181 106 77
Q. Qualm.	30 134 53 89 131 101
R. Son of Tobit in the Apocrypha.	172 13 140 104 8 115
S. Very handsome bird, size of a thrush, in Europe, Asia, N. Africa, of unpleasantly filthy habits.	157 2 29 76 52 6
T. Make earnest but kindly or friendly remonstrance.	66 75 21 86 182 109 90 138 164 119 146
U. Enfeeble.	100 93 132 79 56 163 122 35 69 158
V. Aeneas's buddy.	41 103 55 168 18 133 73
W. People of Japan.	165 70 23 166 107 175 153 145 83
X. An anthropophagite.	142 121 81 185 46 137 99 36
Y. A special fatigue which sounds like iced rain.	141 15 126 84 162 3 38 31 44

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 H	2 S	3 Y	■	4 P	5 N	6 S	■	7 M	8 R	9 C
10 N	11 A	■	12 D	13 R	14 J	15 Y	■	16 L	17 I	■	18 V	19 H	20 M	■	21 T	22 K
23 W	24 C	25 J	26 I	27 G	28 N	29 S	30 Q	■	31 Y	32 H	■	33 A	34 K	■	35 U	36 X
37 N	38 Y	39 A	40 L	■	41 V	■	42 C	43 E	44 Y	45 B	46 X	47 G	48 M	■	49 J	50 C
51 M	52 S	53 Q	54 H	55 V	■	56 U	57 J	58 P	59 D	■	60 B	61 P	■	62 E	63 H	64 I
65 F	■	66 T	67 E	68 G	69 U	70 W	71 J	72 D	73 V	■	74 M	75 T	76 S	77 P	78 B	79 U
80 N	81 X	82 I	83 W	84 Y	■	85 E	86 T	87 C	88 D	■	89 Q	90 T	91 I	92 M	93 U	94 F
95 H	96 L	97 A	98 P	■	99 X	■	100 U	101 Q	102 A	103 V	104 R	105 B	106 P	■	107 W	108 L
109 T	■	110 J	111 M	■	112 H	113 O	114 M	115 R	116 D	117 A	118 E	■	119 T	120 D	121 X	122 U
■	123 O	124 D	125 A	126 Y	127 B	■	128 J	129 M	130 L	131 Q	■	132 U	133 V	134 Q	135 E	136 G
137 X	138 T	139 I	■	140 R	141 Y	142 X	143 N	144 K	145 W	146 T	■	147 J	148 M	149 O	■	150 E
151 G	152 H	153 W	■	154 L	155 M	■	156 C	157 S	158 U	■	159 B	160 E	161 O	162 Y	163 U	164 T
165 W	■	166 W	167 J	168 V	169 A	170 B	171 M	172 R	■	173 G	174 C	■	175 W	176 P	177 E	■
178 C	179 L	■	180 E	181 P	182 T	183 F	■	184 F	185 X	186 L	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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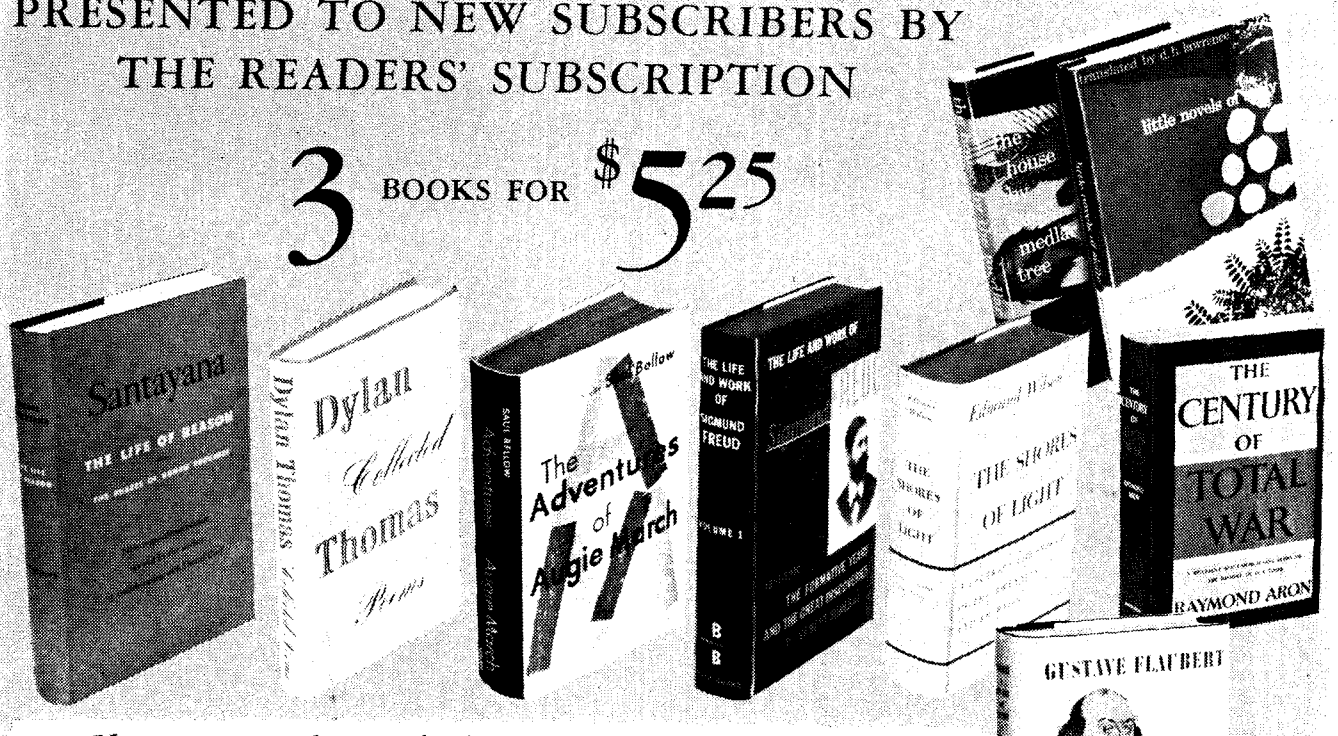

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